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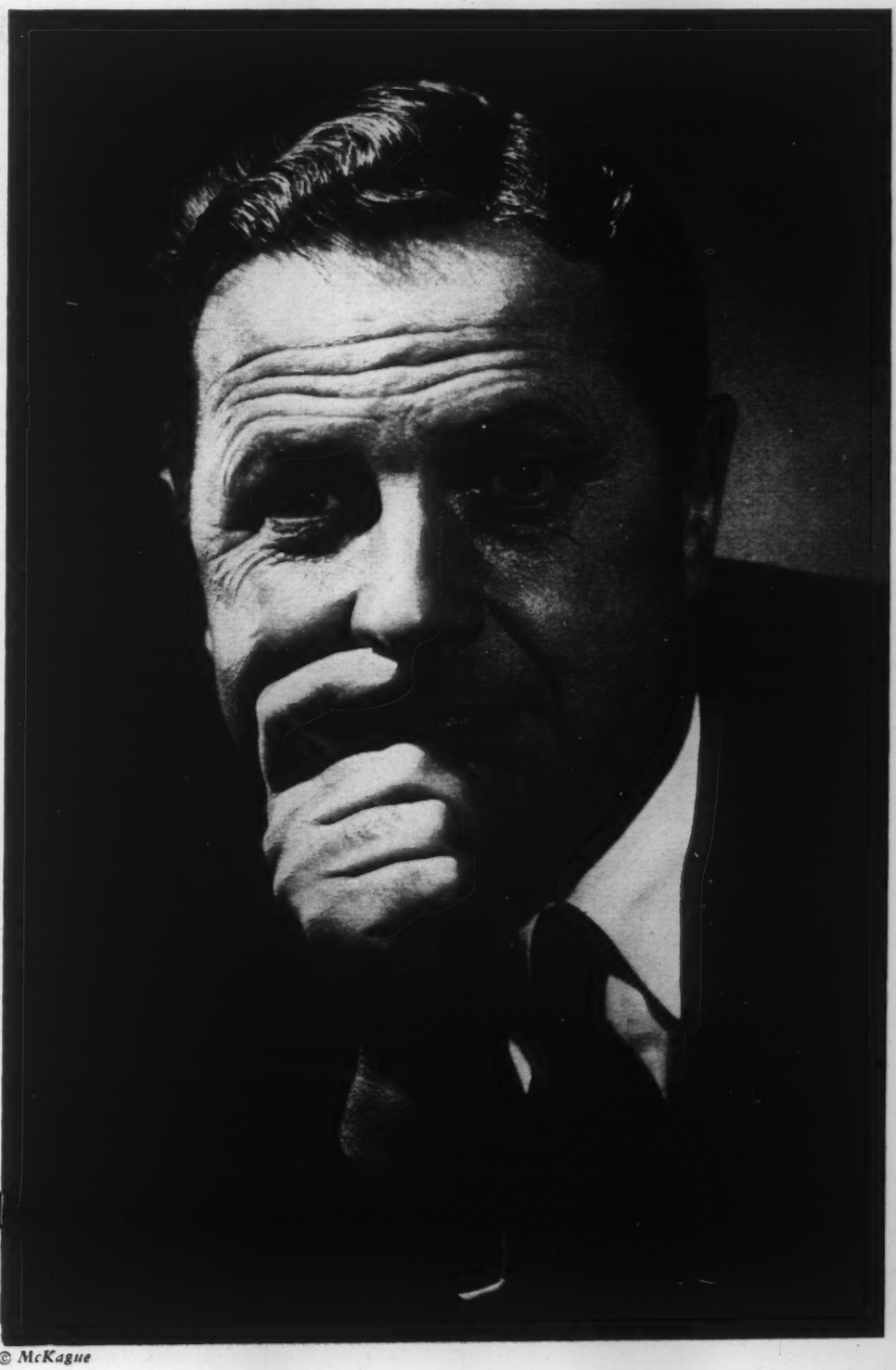

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Election Prospects Of The Liberals In The West

BY STUART SHAW

Canada's TV Writers Timid But Slick?

BY FRANK RASKY

Exposing The Myth Of White Supremacy

BY N. J. BERRILL

The Complex Business Of Simple Justice

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

John J. Robinette: Page 23

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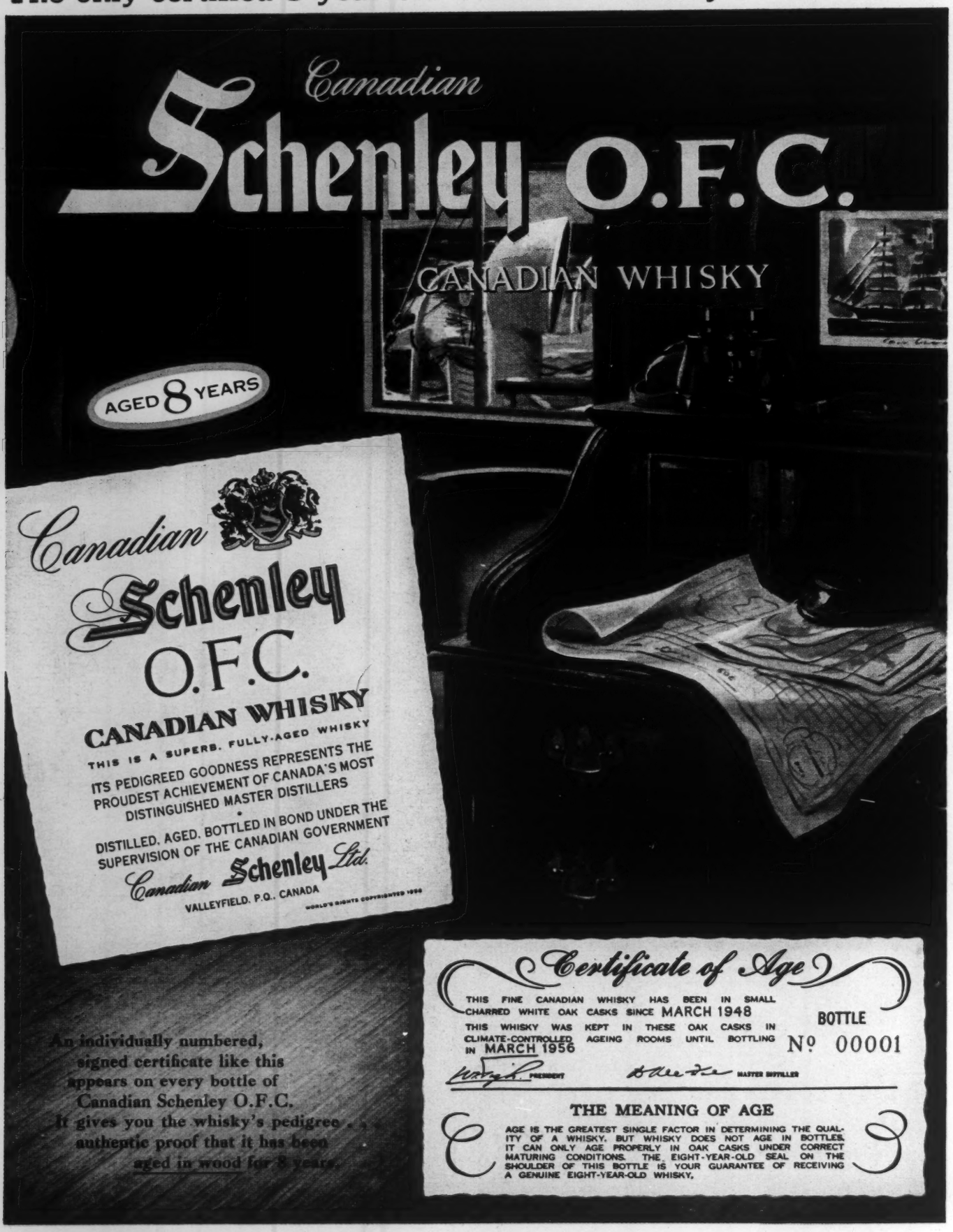
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THE FRONT PAGE

- Impulse to Unity in Europe
- The U.S. Parties and Canada
- Memory for a Long Winter
- The Whodunit of Mr. Harris

Ballots and Box-Tops

THE MODERN parent is recognized as one of the most vulnerable points of attack for any selling campaign. It was inevitable, then, that a civic-minded committee of businessmen should come up with the idea that school children be enlisted to get out the municipal vote by putting pressure on the parents.

It works with box-tops, the committee probably argued, so why not with ballots? This strikes us as a very doubtful position, since a vote obtained under any kind of pressure has little value for society. "Okay, okay," the harassed parent would grumble, "can't a person have any peace around here?" To appease his young, rather than to satisfy his conscience, he would then march down to the nearest polling booth to mark his X and get the thing over with. The chances are he might just as well have marked it on the wall of the booth.

Union and Separation

A HARD-HEADED old realist, Germany's Konrad Adenauer believes that one of the big lessons of the Suez crisis is this: no single European state, not even Britain, is any longer a great power in the traditional sense of the word, and therefore Western Europe must unite if it is to hold its position "between the two super-powers, the United States and the Soviet Union".

The idea of a European union is, of course, not new. What is new is the impulse to union now being revealed not only by French and German statesmen, but by the British as well. Adenauer seems to be thinking about a confederation of European states. France's Mollet goes as far as a federal union. Britain has been strongly opposed to the idea of federal union or any European association that would limit British sovereignty, but through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Harold MacMillan, the Government has indicated that it is ready to talk about the organization of a free trade area in Europe. Viewpoints vary, but the impulse is there.

At this time, it is largely the result of a growing anti-Americanism. Britain,

Adenauer: Power only in unity.

France and West Germany all feel they have been let down by the United States. There are other influences, of course — the attractions of a fairly concentrated market of 200 million people, fear of the results of disunity, the desire to be a third force, independent of both the U.S. and the USSR. But these influences are not new. They have simply been reinvigorated by dislike of U.S. policy.

The Americans would doubtless be happy to see some form of European union. They have been trying to promote the idea since the end of the war. But if the union, political or economic or both, isolated Europe from North America, one of the great goals of the Communists would be reached.

Too Tender

ONE of the inevitable sequels to any holiday week-end is the traffic casualty list published by the newspapers. And each time, about half of the names on the list are supplied by Ontario. It means that about a third of the people in Canada are responsible for half the traffic accidents. True, Ontario has the greatest density of traffic, and the industrial south the highest rate of car ownership. But these factors alone do not account for the dismal record on the roads. There are other factors, and not the least of them is the curious softness of a large number of Ontario's magistrates in their handling of traffic offenders.

The Province's Attorney-General, Kelso Roberts, has been making a conscientious effort to make the highways safer places for responsible drivers. All too often, his efforts are weakened by the magistrates. The other day, for example, a Toronto salesman (primed by the usual "few beers") decided to give his new car a test on the super-highway, No. 401. The test consisted of weaving in and out of traffic and travelling at speeds of up to 120 miles an hour. Police charged him with criminal negligence. The magistrate fined him $100 and suspended his licence for three months. As the angry crown attorney remarked, the penalty was little more than "the equivalent of a permit to go and do it again".

The casualty lists will continue to grow as long as criminal offenders are treated like naughty but lovable children.

Canada and the Election

THERE are no specific Canadian issues in the American election campaign. Both parties express equal devotion to the tradition of friendship with Canada, and it is certainly true that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson can be trusted to continue this tradition. But the people of the United States are electing a new Congress as well as a new President.

The most disturbing development in U.S. politics for a long time is the Democratic party's growing retreat from the principles of reciprocal trade. That fact became clear during the past two years' debates on trade policy in Congress. The industrialization of the South has made Southern Democrats concerned for the first time with protection for Southern manufacturers. The Democratic platform in 1956 marks an abrupt reversal of the party's traditional loyalty to expanding world trade. Mr. Stevenson has made a direct appeal to protectionist sentiment in New England, Pennsylvania and California. The Democratic party has moved closer to the Republican po-

sition that foreign competition must be watched lest it overwhelm specific American industries.

Canadians can have no assurance that the election of Stevenson and the control of Congress by the Democrats will result in a new farm policy to stop the American give-away program, which has done so much harm to Canada and other exporting nations. The Democratic party's insistence on high support prices means that it is committed to a policy which would continue the program of piling up farm surpluses. For different reasons, though perhaps with greater vigor, Stevenson would continue the give-away policy started by Agriculture Secretary Benson — he wants to hand out the surpluses to under-developed countries to win their support for U.S. foreign policy.

Both parties are ready for some hard bargaining when negotiations begin with Canada to develop the power resources of the Columbia River. If anything, the Democrats would be somewhat tougher; they are more devoted to the principle of public power development.

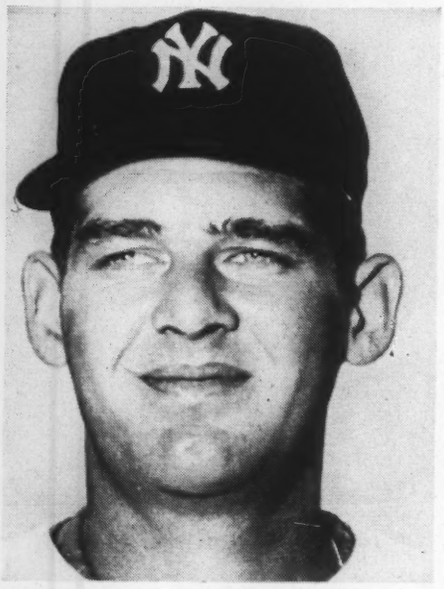
On the issue of American investment in Canada, the attitude of both parties is equally frank. Both insist that U.S. funds have helped Canadian development and are, in fact, an unprecedented vote of confidence in Canada's economic destiny. They also agree that the remedy (a doubtful one) always lies within the free discretion of the Canadian people, who can place limits on the foreign investment to be permitted in this country. Such action, of course, would be regarded as open discrimination by all Americans.

A Republican victory in the Senate would make Wiley chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee; a Democratic triumph would give this position to Green of Rhode Island, the oldest man ever to serve in the Senate. Wiley is the abler public figure, but neither will recall the legislative influence of George or Vandenberg. Both are committed to a complete review of the U.S. foreign aid program.

The sympathies of Canadians may well be decided by their opinion of the U.S. Secretary of State. A Republican defeat would at least get rid of John Foster Dulles, and there isn't any question that the Democrats are more concerned than the Republicans with developing a new approach in foreign policy. Apart from this, there seems little to choose between the two parties in November's election, as far as Canadian interests are concerned.

The Expert

A FRIEND of ours who prides himself on being a connoisseur of wines and foods has returned bemused from a visit to New York. There he met Jean Shepherd, the Prophet of the Night People (SATURDAY NIGHT published an account of his doings in a recent issue) and managed to slip his favorite subject into their conversation. Shepherd listened, and then said, "Let me tell you about the man who knew everything about ice cubes. He used to swill the cubes around in his drink, and then he'd take a sip and look thoughtful. 'Yes,' he'd remark, 'that would be from a Frigidaire '48 model—one of the rear trays'." Now our friend shuns drinks with ice cubes in them; he cannot bear to look at a cube and keep wondering about its origin.



Don Larsen: Something to treasure.

A Glimpse of Perfection

AMID the roars of the football and hockey crowds, talk of baseball is now a muted murmur indeed. But no matter what the artistry of an Etcheverry or a Parker, a Beliveau or a Howe, the moment of wonder that will surely be treasured by students of sport through the dark nights of winter was the one when Don Larsen whipped a third strike past the twenty-seventh batter to face him in the fifth game of the World Series. It was Larsen's 97th pitch without yielding a hit or a walk. And it was as close to perfection as anyone can come in athletic competition.

Baseball, of course, is a game for perfectionists. As in no other sport, the errors, failures and achievements of the players are recorded for the examination of anyone who can read. The quarterback's intercepted pass is forgotten when he throws another for a touchdown. The hockey player caught out of position may not be noticed. The golfer's slice into a trap is excused by his recovery to the green. But the muffed grounder, the dropped fly, the home-run pitch — each error is indelibly inscribed in the baseball player's record, spread in the public prints, from the beginning of his career to the end.

Larsen's achievement was not perfection. Had a couple of his team-mates been less accomplished, had the wind been blowing from a different direction, he would probably have faced more than 27 batters. But perfection, fortunately, is something beyond reach in any human endeavor. It is the closeness to perfection that warms the heart and kindles the spirit. In the cool shadows of a baseball stadium in early October, a tall young man with little to recommend him outside an ability to throw a ball with a great amount of skill gave millions of people a glimpse of the elements of perfection. And in an imperfect world, that is always important.

Winter Mystery

THE MOST absorbing whodunit of the winter season will be the tale of Finance Minister Harris and his surplus. The earlier months of 1956 have been stage setting. Tax money has been pouring in on Mr. Harris at an embarrassing rate —at last count, he had $350 million more than he needed to pay the Government's bills, and this surplus will continue to grow. Well before Spring arrives in Ottawa, Mr. Harris must bring down a budget — early enough to give his party time to fight for the votes Canadians will cast in the general election which the Prime Minister has indicated will be held in June. As in every good mystery, there is one obviously shady character. In this case it is Inflation.

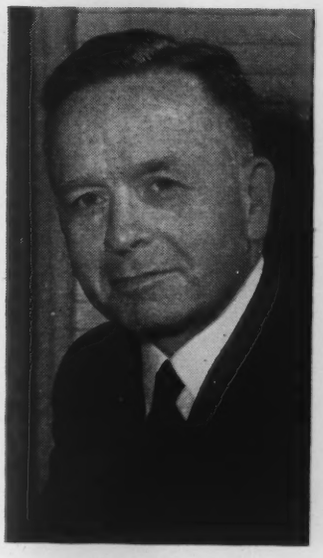
What will Mr. Harris do? Will he warm the hearts of voters by cutting taxes or making them a few gifts of their own money? Or will he be the stern, upright character who says that people have too much money for their own good, and to give them more would simply be to increase the inflationary pressure? Will the pace of business slow down enough for him to start giving back to Canadians a little of the money his colleague, Revenue Minister McCann, has taken from them? Will he apply the surplus to reduction of the national debt or to the purchase of the electorate's goodwill?

Clues are being dropped all over the place—hints about bigger old age pensions, increased family allowances, cuts in income tax, dams for Saskatchewan, more money for everybody and everything from universities to municipalities. At this stage, it's doubtful if even Mr. Harris can tell which clues are false and which true. But one thing is sure: the mystery will turn out to be a real shocker only if Mr. Harris doesn't decide, by budget time, that the seedy character, Inflation, is really a rather lovable old bum once you get to know him.

James Gardiner

The Liberals are the only national party operating in the West. Their defeat might bring bloc government.

West Holds Balance of Power



Stuart Garson

by Stuart Shaw

As THE 1957 federal election approaches, the eyes of political strategists are turning toward the West. With the Progressive Conservatives showing perceptible signs of a revival in the Maritimes, and with Quebec's reaction to the latest "autonomy" controversy a little uncertain, it is conceivable that the western provinces might hold the balance of power.

The Liberal party has had violent ups and downs in the West, both federally and provincially, with the downs predominating over the last quarter century. Yet it has never, in any part of the region, been reduced to a negligible factor, or deprived of the ability to make a comeback.

This Liberal durability is due to a strong foundation laid in the early years of the Twentieth Century.

In the years after 1918, much of this following was lost to the various third parties which arose on the prairies—the Progressive movement, the CCF and Social Credit. Yet enough remained to form a solid core on which the party could count in bad times. Another and less elevated element has been the fact that during most of this period the Liberals have been in control at Ottawa, and a fine reservoir of federal patronage has been available to encourage the faithful.

Manitoba is the province in which the party is, outwardly at least, in the best shape. This is mainly the result of happenings in the 1920s, the period when the Liberals had to meet the full force of the great farm revolt. In the 1921 federal election, the Progressives captured most of the Manitoba seats, and in 1922 the United Farmers of Manitoba disastrously defeated a Liberal provincial administration which had been in office since 1915. To deal with this crisis the provincial leaders adopted the policy which Mackenzie King was currently following at Ottawa — "if you can't beat 'em join 'em." In 1927 the Liberals and the U.F.M. merged to form the Liberal-Progressive coalition under the leadership of John Bracken. This has proved one of the most durable provincial administrations in recent history, still in power after almost thirty years. Its success has undoubtedly helped the Liberals in federal contests. In the 1953 national election, they did better than anywhere else in the West, winning seven out of fourteen seats.

The party's present prosperity, however, may be a little deceptive. Premier Douglas Campbell, who has headed the government since Stuart Garson was transferred to the federal cabinet in 1948, has given the province a stodgy, unimaginative administration. Manitoba, moreover, has lagged behind the other prairie provinces

Provincial chiefs: Liberal Campbell (Man.) Social Credit Manning and Bennett (Alta., BC) CCF Douglas (Sask.)

in the speed of its post war development. The tendency is to blame the Liberals—in Ottawa as well as Winnipeg—for this.

An upset at the next provincial election—probably in 1957—is at least a possibility. The Progressive Conservatives are stronger here than anywhere else in the West, and their strength appears to be growing; they won both the by-elections which have been held since the 1953 general election.

Saskatchewan is a very different case. This province was once the Liberal party's securest stronghold west of the Great Lakes. The Liberals ruled it from the formation of the province until 1944, except for one Conservative interlude from 1929 to 1934. Charles Dunning and his successor James G. Gardiner built up one of the strongest and most effective political machines in Canadian history. Then in 1944, the roof fell in with the unexpected and overwhelming CCF victory of that year—a victory that probably was caused at least as much by public resentment against the Gardiner machine as by any enthusiasm for Socialism. Since then, the Liberals have remained in opposition.

The last provincial election in June of this year produced a paradox. The CCF representation in the legislature dropped from 41 to 36 seats, while the Liberal rose from 10 to 14—including a gain of 8 seats from the government. At the same time, however, the Liberals' popular vote, which had been 209,463 in 1952, fell to 139,825. Social Credit, which put on its first major campaign in the province since 1938, won only three seats—all from the Liberals—but its popular vote rose from 21,002 in 1952 to 96,429.

These figures can hardly be cheering for Liberal strategists. The CCF may be losing its hold on the province, after twelve years of spasmodic and largely unsuccessful experiments with public ownership of industry. The drop in the Liberals' vote, however, hardly suggests that they are the destined successors. The very steep rise in Social Credit support may indicate that this is the party to watch.

The biggest handicap the Saskatchewan Liberal party has to face is probably the resentment and distrust built up during the Gardiner era. In recent years, the party leaders have been trying to throw off the Gardiner influence, and to demonstrate that their organization is autonomous and not subject to dictation from Ottawa; but the public remains unconvinced.

From the Liberal standpoint, Alberta has long been the problem child among the provinces. As in Manitoba, the party, after a long tenure of power, fell victim to the farm revolt of the 1920s. It was ousted in 1921 by the United Farmers of Alberta. Unlike their Manitoba colleagues, the Liberal leaders were never able to come to terms with the farm movement. As a result, they have been condemned to remain in opposition for thirty-five years.

At the 1955 provincial election, however, Liberal fortunes took an upward swing. The Social Credit vote, for the first time since 1940, fell below fifty per cent of the total, and their representation dropped from 51 seats in 1953 to 37. By contrast, the Liberals increased their vote from 66,738 to 117,741, and their representation from 4 to 15 seats.

The Social Credit organization is still powerful, but after 21 years in office there are signs that it is losing the old fire and zeal. Charges of maladministration made during the last campaign undoubtedly damaged it, and have never been satisfactorily cleared up. If the decline continues, the Liberals are in a favorable position to take over. They have little real opposition since the Progressive Conservatives have always been weak in Alberta, and the CCF—though born in Calgary—has never taken firm root in the province. However, the next provincial election is not due until 1959 and Alberta is a notoriously unpredictable province.

Liberal Ledger

Provincially, the Liberals are in bad shape in the West. Federally, they have important assets:

They form a national party, their main rivals are sectional parties.

Their encouragement of U.S. investment is approved, their welfare ideas popular.

BUT:

There is a strong undercurrent of farm discontent, and Westerners tend to distrust "big interest" parties.

The British Columbia situation has probably shocked and alarmed the Liberal high command more than anything else in recent years. Until 1933, BC was a two-party province of the traditional type with the Liberals and Conservatives alternating in office. From 1933 on, the Liberals entered into a long lease of power, first on their own, and then after 1941, as the leading partner in a coalition with the Progressive Conservatives.

In 1952 the coalition dissolved. In the election that followed, the reorganized Social Credit party, never before a serious contender, astonished everyone by securing the largest bloc of seats in the new legislature and forming the government. In two successive elections, in 1953 and last month, Social Credit has steadily increased its representation in the legislature, while that of the Liberals and Progressive Conservatives has just as inexorably fallen. At present Social Credits holds 39 seats and the Liberals only two, the Progressive Conservatives being eliminated altogether.

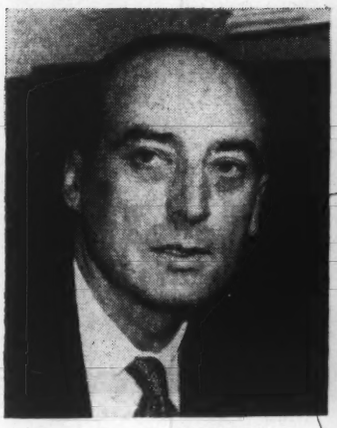
The causes of this overturn are doubtless many and complex. The outstanding factor was possibly the quarreling and name-calling between the Liberals and Conservatives which marked the break-up of the coalition. This apparently disgusted the voters with both "old-line" parties. Under these circumstances, the normal reaction would have been a swing to the third party, the CCF. The CCF, however, was too radical for the majority of BC residents. A vacuum was thus created which Social Credit was able to fill very successfully.

In view of the poor outlook for the Liberals provincially in most parts of the West, it is fortunate for them that Canadian voters nowadays do not "vote the straight ticket" as regularly as Americans. They often vote for one party in a provincial election and for another in a dominion contest. A striking example was provided by the voting in British Columbia in 1953. In the provincial election of that year, Social Credit captured 27 seats and the Liberals only 5. In the federal contest, only six weeks later, the Liberals won eight seats and Social Credit only four. Other examples, not so dramatic, could be cited from Alberta and Saskatchewan, where neither Social Credit nor the CCF respectively has done as well in national as in provincial elections.

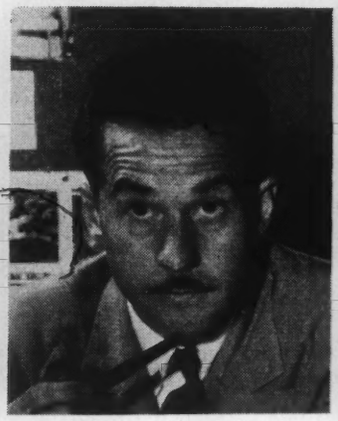
The Liberal party's greatest asset, however, is perhaps the fact that it is a national party, capable, if all goes well, of forming a government at Ottawa. Its two most formidable rivals, Social Credit and the CCF, are sectional parties—in fact, though not by choice—with their strength concentrated in certain limited areas. No matter how well each may do in these areas, neither has hope at present of sweeping the whole country and forming the next government.

Against all this must be set widespread discontent among the farmers over falling wheat prices and marketing difficulties. Failure to carry out the South Saskatchewan irrigation project is a source of dissatisfaction in Saskatchewan. More important, perhaps, is the leaven of revolt which has been working in the West for nearly forty years—the feeling that the "old-line parties" are tools of eastern "big interests", and that some new party more responsive to the needs of western farmers, workers, and small business men is needed. Always strong on the prairies, this feeling now seems to have spread to British Columbia. It provides the basic appeal of both the CCF and Social Credit.

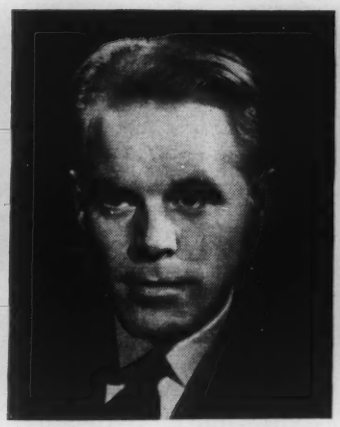
The fortunes of the Liberal party are a matter of much more than partisan interest. It is now the only national party operating in the West. Its elimination in this vast area would mean the triumph of sectional splinter parties. It might mark the beginning of the end for our traditional system of parliamentary government, and force the adoption of government by blocs and coalitions, on the European model.



Joseph Schull



W. O. Mitchell



Len Peterson

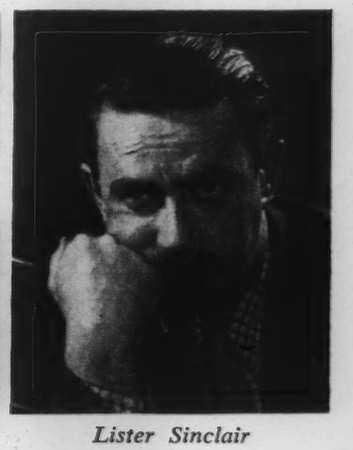
Arthur Hailey

Faces Behind the Scripts in Canadian Television

Patricia Joudry

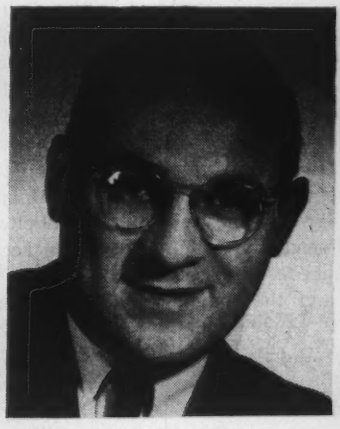
Television's appetite for new material is voracious and never satisfied. As a result, writers who can turn out acceptable scripts are in great demand and are well paid. Those pictured on this page are among the most successful Canadians in the field —newcomer Arthur Hailey of Ottawa, for example, has earned $30,000 from one TV play, while the more experienced Joseph Schull, Patricia Joudry and others have found writing for broadcasting a profitable endeavor. Many of these writers were turning out scripts for radio before the TV boom —and some of them feel that while TV is more profitable, radio gave them more freedom for the expression of controversial ideas. Demand for scripts does not mean easy money for anyone who tries to write; of 5,000 unsolicited scripts received by the CBC last year, only 650 were bought.

Ian Thorne



Lister Sinclair

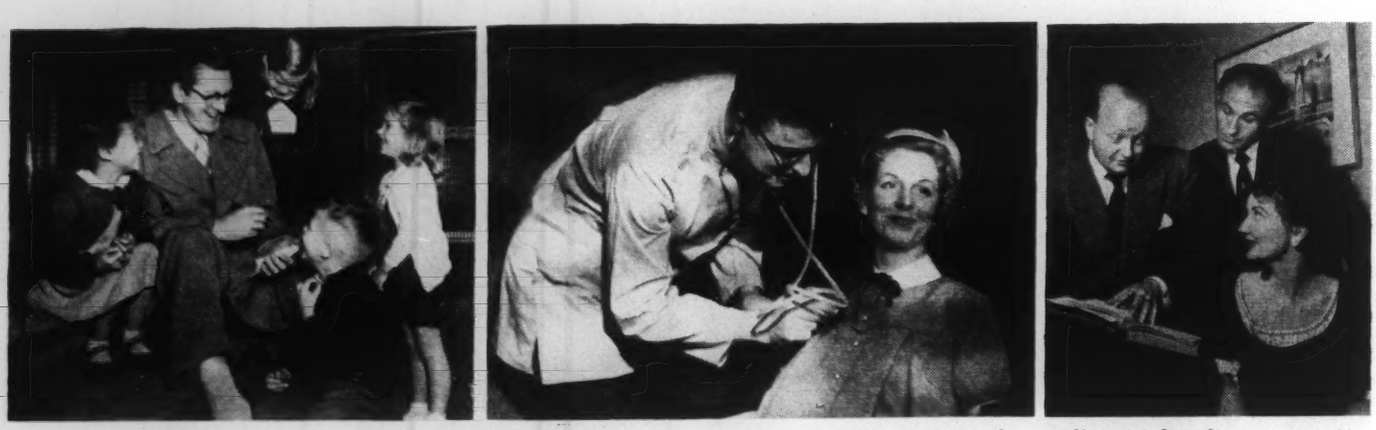
Hugh Kemp



Mac Shoub

Charles Israel

Leslie McFarlane



George Salverson (left) gathers material; Roger Lemelin examines one of the Plouffes; Andrew Allan (right) discusses script.

Canada's TV Writers: Timid But Slick

by Frank Rasky

Demand for TV writers was never so hot, rewards never so rich, but some professionals believe that too many taboos are taking all the excitement out of TV drama.

A FEW YEARS AGO, when he was a chief contributor to the disturbingly different radio dramas that jolted Canadians tuned every Sunday evening to Andrew Allan's CBC "Stage" series, Lister Sinclair had some corrosive things to say about the state of radio-writing in the United States.

"Even when U.S. radio does something they call 'daring', it is something nobody would mind," Sinclair mocked. "Over-carefulness has become a habit. Cautious U.S. drama-writers fear taboos on three subjects: sex, religion and politics. Between those three things, you have 95 per cent of the subjects on which you can have an interesting opinion."

Canadian radio-writers, on the contrary, Sinclair maintained, were tackling these subjects with gusto. He himself was a leader of Canadian radio's school of *enfants terrible*, as author of *We All Hate Toronto*, *A play On Words*, and *Hilda Morgan*, a drama about an unmarried pregnant girl, which drew a barrage of angry questions in Parliament. "We feel a play shouldn't have a message; it should *be* a message," Sinclair then said. "The artist is a person entrusted with a red-hot message he has to deliver, or it will burn his fingers."

Since he made this sulphurous declaration of principles, television drama-writing has come to the fore, and, ironically, Sinclair has done a complete turnabout in his attitude toward the new medium. He feels that, while Canadian radio innovated what U.S. radio dared not to, U.S. TV-writing is now blazing new trails and Canadian TV-writing is the timid imitator. While "Philco Playhouse", "Studio One" and "Kraft Theatre" have developed a whole new school of playwrights exploring U.S. social customs and problems, it would appear that the major Canadian TV drama programs—"General Motors Theatre" of last season, "Folio" and "On Camera"—have specialized largely in either slick formula pap or adaptions of British and American classics. In brief, Canadian TV drama today is a theatre where the producer seems to be king, the actor his consort and the script-writer their subservient handmaiden.

How much truth is there in these allegations? Does Canadian TV need a playwright's showcase that would generate the same excitement that Andrew Allan's "Stage" series did in radio? And precisely what is the status of the Canadian TV drama-writer today? To find the answers to these questions, I recently conducted a fairly extensive survey among CBC television executives and the major professional Canadian TV playwrights.

On one point only did I find unanimity: the demand for new TV script-writers was never so hot; and any Canadian able to master the craft, can earn from $10,000 to $20,000 a year, if he sells his scripts to both the Canadian and U.S. markets.

An example is Arthur Hailey, a 36-year-old Ottawa advertising executive, who had never written a line for TV before last February. He has since sold three slick suspense scripts to the CBC and NBC-TV in New York, and will earn $30,000 from one, *Flight Into Danger*, that Hollywood is making into a film.

Just as successful is Patricia Joudry, a 34-year-old actress born in Spirit River, Alta., who was first encouraged to write serious dramas by Andrew Allan for his "Stage" series. She sold an expanded version of her sensitive CBC radio play, *Teach Me How To Cry*, to Universal Pictures for $25,000; and Paramount Pictures has tentatively offered $25,000 for her glossier, soap opera-style play, *The Sand Castle*, originally produced on "General Motors Theatre".

Of course, the highest-paid CBC script-writer remains Roger Lemelin, the Quebec City Croesus of a novelist, who earns $75,000 a year from the English and French-language telecast of his *The Plouffe Family*.

Naturally, not all would-be playwrights can expect to equal these literary incomes. Last year, the CBC Script Department's staff of ten, laboring in a weather-beaten mansion on Toronto's Jarvis Street, combed through 3,000 TV scripts and 2,000 radio scripts received unsolicited through the mail; altogether, 650 scripts were finally culled and bought for both mediums. The going price for a half-hour radio drama is now $125 to $300; for an hour radio script, $250 to $600. A half-hour TV drama is worth $200 to $500; an hour TV script, $450 to $1,000.

The editor of the CBC Script Depart-

ment is Alice N. Frick, an articulate, somewhat high-brow, and obviously conscientious woman, who was born some 35 years ago on a grain-and-cattle farm near Coronation, Alta. She is a graduate in English of the University of Alberta, and got her start 14 years ago, handling radio scripts for Andrew Allan, when the top rate for a half-hour drama was $35.

"Despite what some skeptics claim, it's a pretty rare script that sits here for a year," she insists. "Most are processed within a maximum of six weeks. I will say categorically: no favoritism is shown to any coterie of writers. Some well-known Canadian writers have had their stuff rejected. Anything good enough, that comes into this office will be produced. The trouble is, there just aren't enough good, first-class scripts to fill the hungry maws of radio and TV."

Miss Frick, however, is rather hard put to define just what she means by "good" or "first-class". She feels that little in the way of permanent literature has emanated from Canadian radio or TV, which she describes as "largely mediums of informative journalism"; two radio plays she cites as exceptions are Earle Birney's *Damnation Of Vancouver* and Lister Sinclair's *Return To Colonnus,* both later published in book form.

On a script-scouting trip she made across Western Canada last spring, Miss Frick met 111 writers of varying professional experience, ranging from Roderick Haig-Brown and Ian Thorne in Vancouver to Marian Waldman in Winnipeg. They all felt cut off from TV-writing, because so few drama productions originate outside of Toronto and Montreal. Miss Frick took pains to explain to them that her department had no taboos for TV scripts, "except the avoidance of political party disputes, sectarian religion, and the use of 'hells' and 'damns' outside the realm of good taste."

It is the CBC-TV producers' growing concern with taboos that has alienated professional radio writers like Len Peterson. He feels that producers on the unsponsored "Folio", for example, are like elderly spinsters, walking precariously on eggs. A 39-year-old novelist from Regina, Sask., Peterson wrote some of the most experimental and compassionate dramas for Andrew Allan's "Stage" series, including *Burlap Bags, White Collar,* and *They're All Afraid.*

"When you sit down with the producers at CBC-TV nowadays," Peterson says, "you don't find the same puckishness, the same no-holds-barred spirit of gutsy devilment that prevailed during the heyday of radio. Then Andrew Allan's feeling was, 'Let's shakeup the audience with an awareness of the problems all we Canadians share'. Now, when I submit a TV script off-beat in technique or

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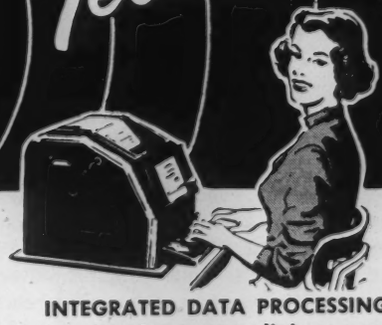

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subject matter, the producers are terrified of taking a gamble. They say, 'It can't be done. Let's not offend.' What's more, commercial TV is now geared to a committee set-up. By the time a script has filtered down through the script editors, the production supervisors, the ad agency man, each frustrated TV writer among them has put in his own little cautiousness. So the script is diluted into standardized mush. It's the old story—no committee has ever created good art, except, perhaps, the Bible."

The same timidity has been discovered by Charles E. Israel. Two years ago, he was writing detective stories for radio in Hollywood; then he moved to Richmond Hill, Ont., on the encouragement of Lister Sinclair, precisely because Israel understood Canadian TV wanted scripts exploring social themes. Though his drama, *The Mark*, about the rehabilitation of a sex offender, was presented on a sustaining CBC-TV drama show, Israel recently heard the formula-happy producer of a sponsored CBC-TV drama show ask, "Why do Canadian writers insist on writing about ordinary people? Why don't they write about somebody *exciting?*"

The tendency of Canadian TV sponsors to bowdlerize a controversial theme is amusingly illustrated by the tinkering done with a script written by George Salverson. The son of Canadian novelist Laura Goodman Salverson, and a former radio freelancer, 40-year-old Salverson wrote *Blasphemy*, about an atheistic novelist who defied God to strike him dead with a bolt of lightning. The drama was successfully produced on Andrew Allan's "Stage" series, and, ironically, the only protest it drew was from a group of organized atheists in California. When it was produced on "On Camera", however, somebody grew frightened of complaints from religious groups. As a result, the title was changed to *The Incredible Sinner*, and references to "God" became "the Almighty" and "a Heavenly Power". The play's TV version was watered-down, but it drew a letter of fulsome praise from the United Church of Canada.

Salverson is himself now CBC editor of the half-hour TV dramas for "On Camera" (sponsored this season by General Foods), and, in his new subduing role, is able to wring the controversy out of scripts submitted by other playwrights. Interestingly, Salverson agrees that Canadian TV needs a dominating showman-producer who would inspire "electrifying" dramas, just as Fred Coe did in "Philco Playhouse" on U.S. TV, and as Andrew Allan did on Canadian radio. The same note was echoed, in varying degrees, by other professional writers I queried.

Eric Nicol, the *Vancouver Province* columnist and humorist-playwright, saw this man as a production supervisor, who would "set a policy of experiment, and, if necessary, dalliance with the unpopular, among his team of directors". Mac Shoub, the Montreal ad agency writer (who turns out copy for the Seagram account when not writing such suspenseful TV dramas as *Ashes In The Wind*), felt "the CBC's new Sunday night 'TV Theatre' might fill the bill, as long as they don't make it a showcase to attract sponsored money". Both Joseph Schull of St. Eustache Sur-le-Lac, Que., (author of *The Case of Posterity Versus Joseph Howe* on this season's Wednesday night "Folio") and W. O. Mitchell of High River, Alta., (author of *The Black Bonspiel of Willie MacCrimmon* on last season's Sunday night "Folio") thought a bold new producer-showman would emerge from Canadian TV in its present state of ferment, through directors like Leo Orenstein and David Greene. And Kay Hill, the Armdale, N.S., radio writer,

Tommy Tweed (centre) in rehearsal.

urged an "in-between TV showcase—less rarefied than 'Folio', more thoughtful than 'G.M. Theatre'. Possibly Andrew Allan himself might be persuaded to take it on."

Now that the capable Esse W. Ljungh has taken over the radio "Stage" series, Andrew Allan has the somewhat ambiguous title of National Supervisor of Drama for the CBC. At 46, Allan's blond hair may be thinning and his pale blue eyes may seem a little faded, but he still crackles with ideas. When he initiated the "Stage" series on Jan. 4, 1944, he recalls, his greatest asset was the way he reached out to new writers and egged them on to tackle challenging themes; and perhaps Canadian TV today suffers from this lack of a vital, intimate producer-writer relationship. He would suggest to a writer like Hugh Kemp, of Ste. Jovite, Que., "Why don't you spend a couple of days at a hospital where they give plastic surgery to returned war veterans? Maybe something may come of it." Kemp's tender drama, *The Long Journey Home*, came of it.

"I wanted to give the writer, with a passion to communicate, his head," Allan recalls. "I gave him a market for what he really wanted to say. A lot of them were complaining about having to write formula stuff for money. I told them, 'You say you write for money, but . . .' Well, let's have the "but" now'. We spent plenty of midnight sessions together, with or without coffee, and we generated a lot of anger—creative anger. I served as the copper wire conductor between the writer and his audience, faithfully realizing the author's intentions in his lonely craft, but aware he wasn't infallible. Yet I was willing to take risks, producing not for other smart-aleck producers, but for an audience that would sit up and say, 'Look! Wow!' I felt people are more intelligent than I'm told they are. If you are only interested in what they want today, by tomorrow they will have forgotten you. And, curiously, the more popular the 'Stage' series became, the more inhibited and cautious I became, as I began treading around the taboos of minority pressure groups. That's the punishment of success: you become overly wary to the point of extinction."

Allan raises the question of whether the individual TV producer today is so bedevilled by the vast technical complexities of television that he lacks the time a radio producer had to seek out and kindle exciting new writers. This may be true, but there are other alternatives as yet unexplored.

Recently, the Canadian Council of Authors and Artists suggested that the CBC establish a school to train writers for the TV medium, akin to Lorne Greene's now-defunct Toronto academy of radio-TV arts. Hugh Kemp, now national Radio-TV script supervisor for the CBC, rejected it, saying, "We're not in the teaching business." However, Kemp agrees there is wisdom in the plan I proposed to him, of using Canadian book publishers, magazine editors and newspaper columnists as voluntary scouts of potential TV-writing talent.

Lister Sinclair suggests that the CBC initiate a training course for new TV writers, just as it did this past summer for possible TV producers. And W. O. Mitchell would have the CBC pay to bring out-of-town writers of promise into Toronto and Montreal for one week, to watch major drama shows in production. "There are so many technical TV elements off the writer's page," says Mitchell, "that are hard for him to understand competently in the lonely solitude of Regina or Calgary or Frazer's Landing or Tiger Lily, Sask."

In the final analysis, if the CBC wishes to avoid the stigma of slick and timid TV-writing, it must nurture, if not its own school, at least its own classrooms, of writers with a passion for free exploration of the Canadian community.

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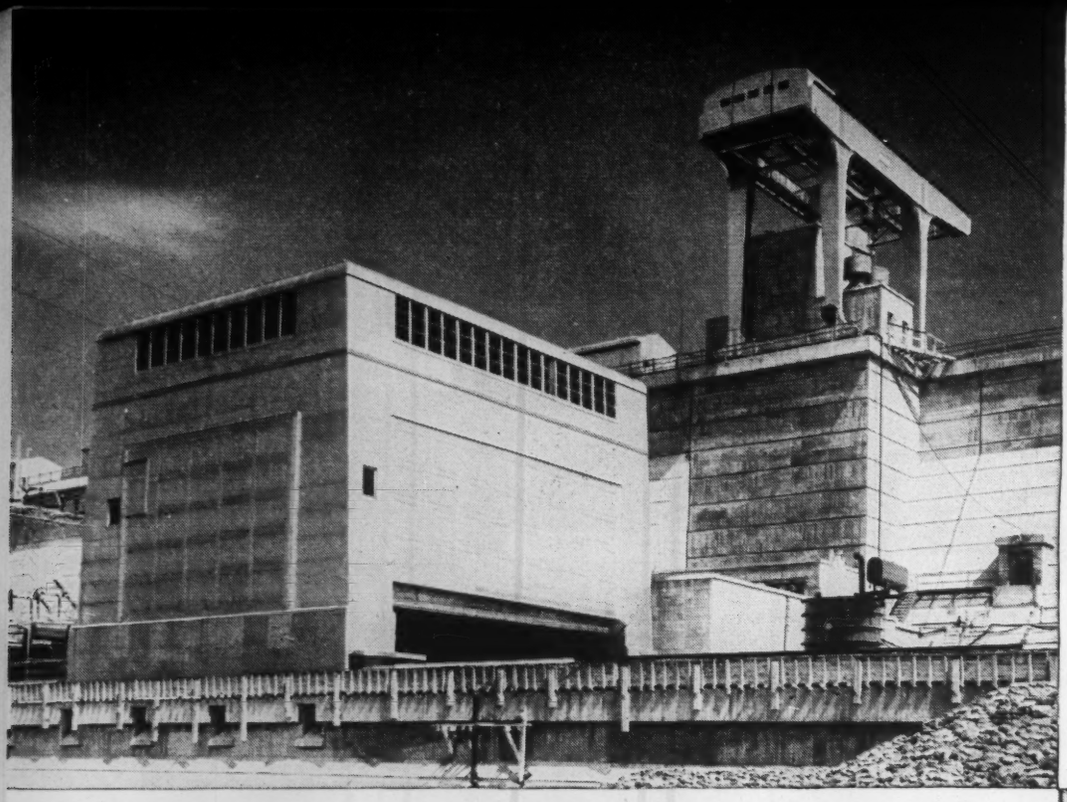

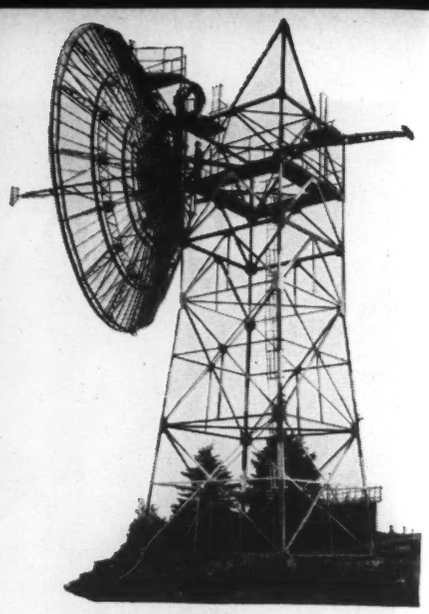

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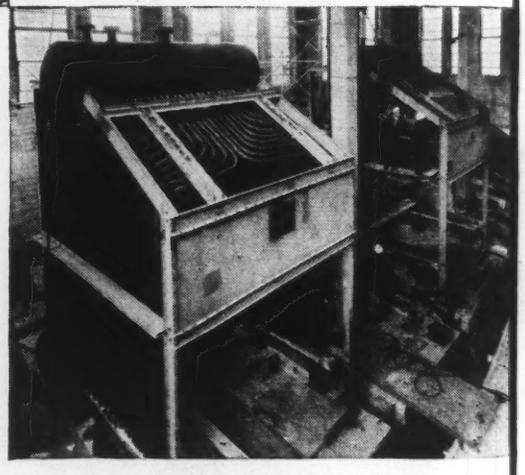

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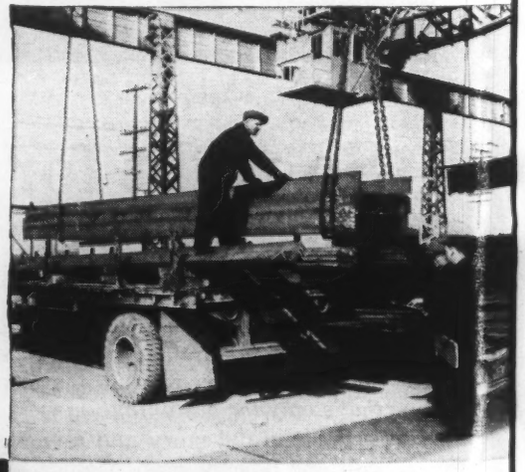

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The U.S. Campaign: Deliberate Mediocrity

by Anthony West

Out of all this will come the President and Administration which the United States deserves but whether the world deserves it is another matter.

MODERATION, which liberal shepherds give a grosser name, remains the keynote of the U.S. election at the time of writing. Being something of a liberal shepherd myself I would say that the real keynote is mediocrity, deliberately sought, and carefully wooed.

Everything about the United States' situation, particularly its relation to that of the world's, calls for a confrontation with realities, and a campaign in which the orators of the two great parties would give their picture of the harsh and ugly facts as honestly as possible before proposing which of the stony roads out of the mess they propose to follow. What we have got so far is a popularity contest in which the candidates hope they can slide home by giving the minimum offence to the voters, whom they evidently despise as the lowest kinds of moron.

President Eisenhower stumps the country asserting that the pyramiding confusion of mounting debt, tension, and of international problems shovelled under the mat represents a solid achievement of peace, prosperity, and progress. His worthy opponent cruises after him pretending that the motley crew of idealists, white supremacy boys, social democrats, ward-heeling grafters, liberals, right of right wing tories, federalists, and states rights men, unionists and open-shoppers, loosely referred to as the Democratic Party is a unified bunch of crusaders who cannot wait to get to Washington in order to transform the Republic into an ethical commonwealth.

The personal performances of the candidates match their acts in the realm of ideology. The President goes about flashing his infectious grin and his youthful fitness in a manner that recalls George Grossmith in his jubilee year on the British stage playing the juvenile lead in a musical comedy; it is the "act" of an old man with a bad medical record selling himself to the public as a good risk for four more years in the most responsible and burdensome office currently available to a human being. Vice President Nixon follows him around like a demure vulture parading his new personality as a high-type responsible above party man who has somehow strayed into the dust and strife of the struggle by accident. *His* performance recalls that of Rocky Graziano when he suddenly blossomed out as a deeply religious man and an inspiration to youth clubs.

The paladins of the other party are not being much more impressive. If there is any more complex and convoluted mind than that of Adlai Stevenson's in U.S. party politics today it is Kefauver's. Both men's intuitions are rapid and delicate, both men deeply mistrust intuition and by long established habit of mind check and double check every conclusion they reach by exhaustive mental analysis. The main difference between them is that Kefauver was brought up in circles which distrust intellectuals and learned to hold his mental debates inwardly fairly early on, where Stevenson's background is the law. He has only lately learned that the electorate is not composed of lawyers and that what it likes is characters like Moses who get their conclusions ready made straight from the summit.

The pair of them have been hard at work for eighteen months now touring the countryside to convince everyone that they can reach that they are authentic normal chaps who say the first things that come into their plain blunt heads.

Kefauver is the better actor of the two, or at any rate the more practised, and the only sizeable group which has penetrated his disguise so far is the political machine in Tennessee which gave him birth. In the elevated language of democratic politics they express their knowledge by saying that he is untrustworthy, which means that he will let questions of ethics and equity occasionally stand between him and a deal. This is the explanation of the sturdy efforts to ditch him at the convention which were made by Governor Clement of Tennessee and his henchmen. The effort was abandoned when it looked like putting Senator Kennedy, who is all brains and integrity, on the ticket. If there is anything worse than intelligence in politics it is integrity (the code word for which is irresponsibility, or inexperience, if the man is young).

Stevenson is coming right along, and has almost entirely overcome the unfortunate impression made by his completely honest campaign of '52. The two turning points which established his trustworthiness so far as the watchful masses are concerned were his ability to take an entirely meaningless stand on integration in the schools, and to beat the Republicans to it in proposing to end the draft.

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The draft affair was delightful to all students of the aesthetics of politics. An integral part of the Peace, Prosperity and Progress appeal as planned by the Republicans was to be an announcement that the draft would not be necessary much longer. This was to be good news for every mother of boys of military age, and for every youth of voting age enjoying postponement of service.

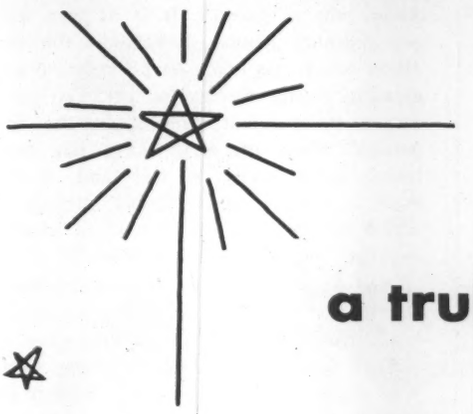
Stevenson adroitly stole the cornerstone of the arch by making the announcement some eighteen hours ahead of its due time for release by the President. The Republicans were forced to backtrack immediately and to denounce Stevenson's gross irresponsibility. Though the connection is not immediately obvious Stevenson's proposal to stop Hydrogen bomb experiments is part of this same adroit tactical movement. As soon as he made it the shrieks of irresponsibility were renewed from the Republican side.

Of course the experiments were vitally necessary, just as a huge army maintained by a draft was. But before they knew what had happened to them, the Republicans were describing the nation's deadly peril and the deteriorating international situation from the platforms on which they were supposed to be talking about the triumphs Dulles and Eisenhower had achieved in the field of foreign policy.

The successful accomplishment of this neat and altogether unscrupulous trick did a lot to convince people that the new Stevenson was a man with the right qualifications for leadership.

Even if his grasp of practical questions had not been shown in these convincing episodes, he would have won many new friends by his demonstrable ability to talk plain language of the kind used by ordinary people. He used to be hagridden by the intellectual's feeling that what came out of his mouth ought to make some kind of sense, or to have what the intelligentsia in their arrogant way call *meaning*. He has been exposed to the temptations constituted by university audiences several times in this campaign, but he has shown no signs of backsliding in this respect, and when he was at Yale the other day he was able to say this:

"I think the central issue in 1956, particularly for the uncommitted voter, is that complacency contains the seeds of



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decay, not of growth. It is at war with our national genius. It falsifies the tradition which has taken shape in sharp and glowing outline throughout our 180 years as an independent people. In the few periods when its siren song has been heard most loudly in the land, it has been a prelude to a harsher melody in which the saddest note is one of mourning for what might have been."

And so on. Let no one under-estimate the skill involved in compositions of this kind, which fill crowds with a sense of having heard something in some vague way dignified and important, commit the candidate to absolutely nothing, and provide criticism with nothing whatever to bite on. One of Stevenson's main difficulties in this campaign is due to the fact that Eisenhower is even better at emitting this kind of noise than he is, and is less troubled by having to push it out through his vocal cords. This reduces him to such shifts as having to pretend that the President is grovelling in the gutter when he uses such phrases as "wicked nonsense" to describe some utterance of Adlai's.

Both men stand head and shoulders above Nixon whose naïveté is always betraying him into such statements as "Our hope is to double everyone's standard of living in ten years." Adlai says the same kind of thing, but purges it of its ugly materialistic tinge:

"You know that America can conquer crippling disease, can discover creative uses for the new leisure which will come in the wake of abundance, can transform our surpluses into a blessing to mankind rather than a burden to the farmer, can strike a mighty blow at the ancient curse of poverty, and can achieve for all Americans that individual freedom, that equality of opportunity and that human dignity which belong to them as American citizens and as children of God."

Deny it if you can, without insulting our glorious flag.

There is no doubt that Stevenson has come on tremendously since the days when he went round asking people to think. Perhaps the final word about the quality of this campaign was said by the President at a press conference the other day when he was asked how he was standing up to the strain of it all. His answer ran in part: "I get awfully tired just sitting and listening to reports. I like to go out and see people. And it is—when you do it like I do and you yell 'Hello' or 'Hi' or 'Good afternoon' to everybody you see in the street, it is hard on the voice, I will say that, but aside from that I think it is all right."

There is no doubt that out of all this will come the President and the Administration which the United States deserves, but whether the world deserves it is another matter.

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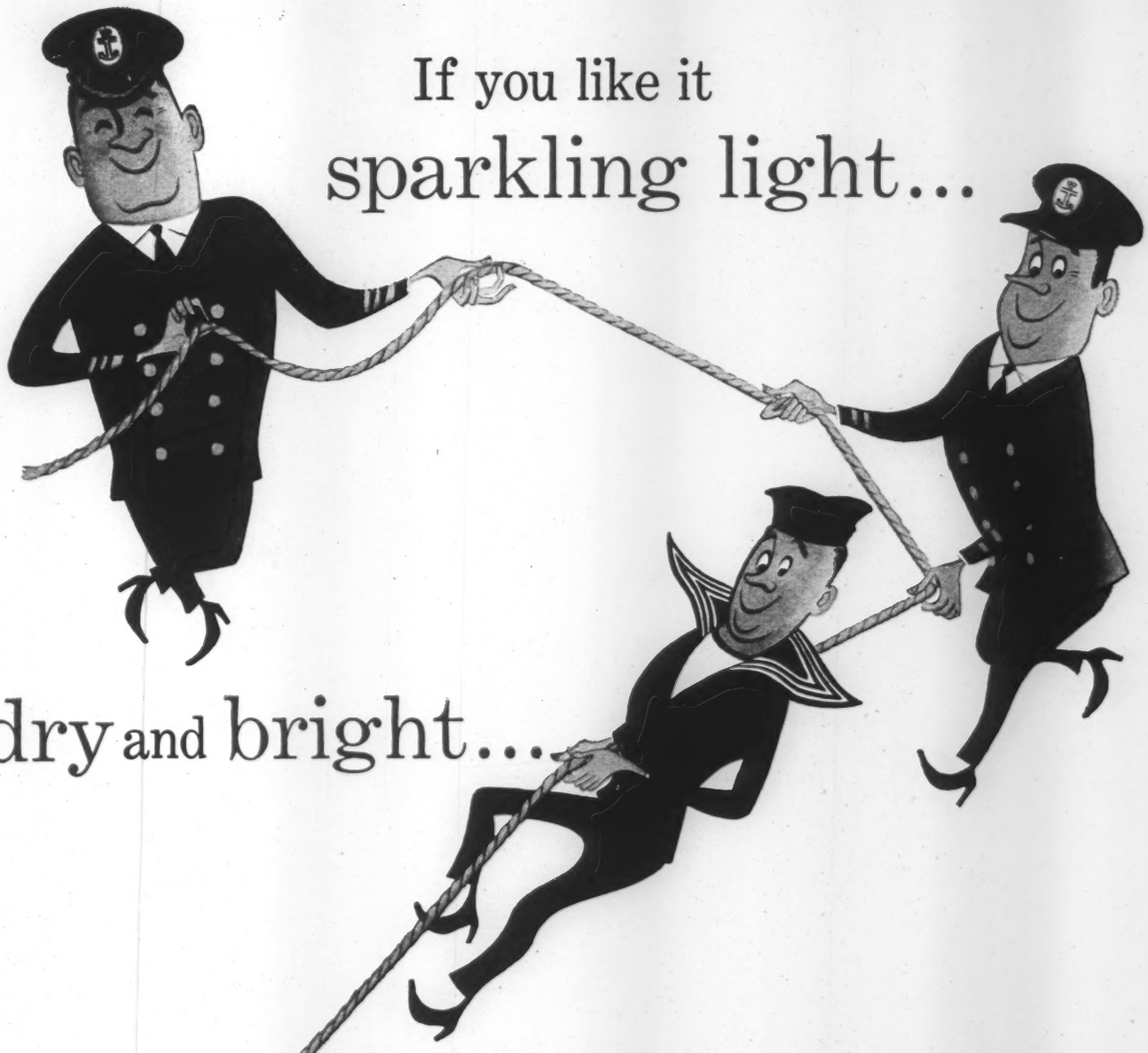

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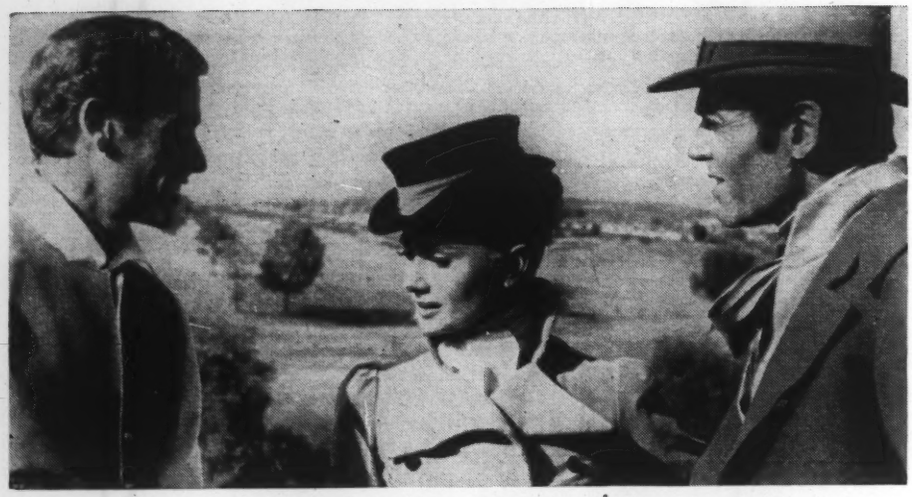

Mel Ferrer (Andrey), Audrey Hepburn (Natasha) and Henry Fonda (Pierre).

FILMS

World Laid Out Flat

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE FILM VERSION of *War and Peace* takes three and a half hours to pass, and provides little more than a hasty synopsis of the Tolstoy masterwork. This was perhaps to be expected. For Tolstoy created a world, and the screen was limited by its nature and function to turning out a super-production.

The original world of *War and Peace* was a world in the round, and its Rostovs and Bolkonskys were living beings, profoundly related to their society and each other. The film version, however, is Tolstoy's world laid out flat, and in the levelling process those curious inconsistencies of feeling and behavior which the novelist revealed with rigorous clarity have been largely blurred or synopsized. Natasha and Prince Andrey (Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer) now behave with the perfect smooth consistency of screen lovers. They meet, love, part and are reconciled and no explanation of the vagaries of Natasha's behavior is submitted.

If the screen version falls considerably short of the original, it isn't through any lack of respect for Tolstoy's great novel. Character and incident are faithfully reproduced, and while many of the characters present themselves merely as waxworks, they are obviously waxworks derived from a distinguished original. Genial Father Rostov, Platon the child-like peasant, old Count Bolkonsky, the arrogant Dolokhov—these are all reasonable replicas, exactly detailed and instantly recognizable. All they lack is the breath of life.

Simply as a production, however, *War and Peace* has everything to recommend it. Indeed, it is so magnificent that it is possible to sit through the whole three hours and a half in a trance of sheer visual enjoyment.

The first half of the film centres about peace-time life in Nineteenth Century Russia, and the camera roams among the great houses and country estates of a society happily dedicated to a life of pure hedonism and hardly aware of the approaching tramp of Napoleon's armies. The second half deals with the Napoleonic invasion and merges presently into one of the film's most memorable sequences, the Battle of Borodino. The deadly drumbeat advance of massed infantry and the whirling charge of cavalry have been handled often enough on the screen before, though rarely as effectively as they are here.

Pierre, as played by Henry Fonda, is the figure that comes closest to Tolstoyan stature. As a sort of undesignated commentator he is on hand at all the film's great moments—the clash of French and Russian armies, the invasion of Moscow, and the long agonizing diminuendo of the great retreat—and as the story advances, Pierre advances with it, a blundering figure with a kind of undeviating, stick-insect awareness of life and the truths men live by. There is a fine performance, too, by Oscar Homolka as General Kutuzov, whose inexhaustible patience and strength finally wore out his great enemy. Homolka and Fonda are able to convey much of the power and meaning of the original characterizations. But most of the others are merely weak translations, and Herbert Lom's Napoleon is downright silly.

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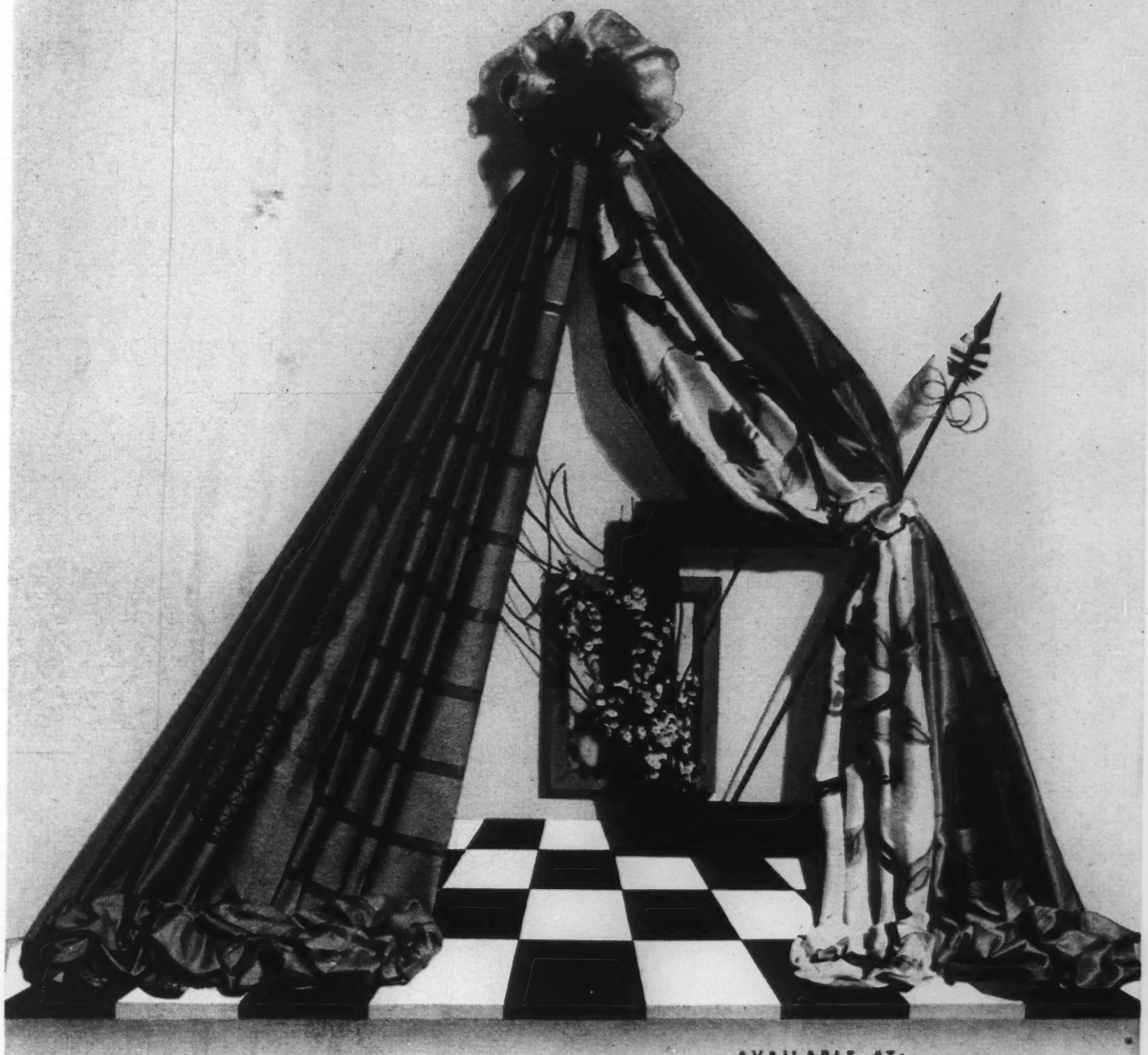

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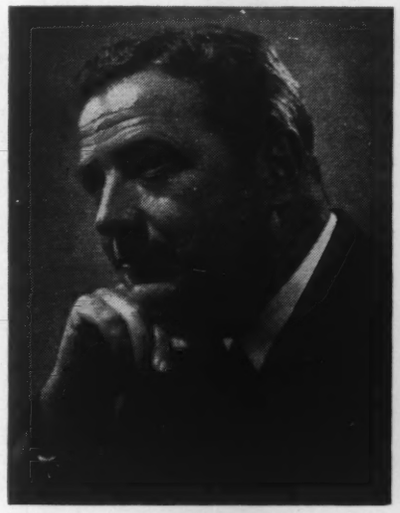
Complex Business of the Law

by Mary Lowrey Ross

The Robinette approach to judge and jury is purely legalistic. It consists of careful preparation, lucid argument, precise summing up without irrelevancies. He finds intellectual satisfaction in probing the obscurities of civil law.



John Robinette

JOHN J. ROBINETTE, Q.C., is an extremely difficult man to locate, as interviewers and even would-be clients have reason to know. As a a rule his mornings and afternoons are spent in court. His visits to his office are hurried and irregular. Much of his time outside courts and office is devoted to complex legal research, which demands concentration and privacy. ("A good intricate legal case gives one a great deal of satisfaction," he points out.) Moreover, he is constantly in demand for speeches and legal debates, and these engagements, in addition to his activities as a Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada, take up the slack, where it exists, in his spare time.

Elusiveness, however is a condition of his work, rather than a natural part of his temperament. In actual encounter, Mr. Robinette is sociable and relaxed and gives the impression of being a man of large leisure. "No hurry, I have plenty of time," he says, when anything engages his interest. His time is reputed to be worth anything up to a hundred dollars an hour when he is working on his cases. While Mr. Robinette doesn't confirm this estimate, he doesn't discourage the popular idea that his retaining fee comes high. It is the kind of reputation that keeps his practice within reasonable limits.

Over the past twenty years John Robinette's achievements in both criminal and civic law have become something of a legend. The legend springs partly from the Robinette name — he is the son of T. C. Robinette, who was famous for his work in the criminal courts a generation ago. Largely, however, it is the result of his own record, which is both brilliant and solid.

"I'll take this thing to court and I'll get Robinette to defend me," has become a sort of war cry of embattled citizens. Actually, the average citizen's chances of obtaining the Robinette services are fairly small. Ninety per cent of his work consists now in highly involved civil cases referred to him by other members of the bar.

John Robinette was born in Toronto and educated in Toronto schools. His father insisted on legal training for all four sons, since he believed it to be a basic preparation for any career in the business world. John had been fascinated by every aspect of law from his childhood, and T. C. Robinette's death, which occurred in 1920 when his son was thirteen years old, merely strengthened the resolution to follow his father's profession. He was a Gold Medalist at the University of Toronto, led his class through Osgoode Hall and was on the Osgoode staff for several years before undertaking private practice.

Robinette's first big case had to do with the conviction of a gold-smuggling ring operating throughout Canada. As prosecutor, he personally interviewed witnesses and followed the trail of high-grade gold through five cities. Through his efforts six of the eleven suspects were finally convicted.

At this stage of his career he was engaged in the practice of both civil and criminal law. His temperament led him in the former direction, largely because of the intellectual satisfaction he finds in unravelling obscure and complex legal problems. If his reputation, in the public mind, lies in his equally successful handling of criminal cases, it is to some extent because of the resounding publicity that followed his triumphant defence of Mrs. Evelyn Dick in the sen-

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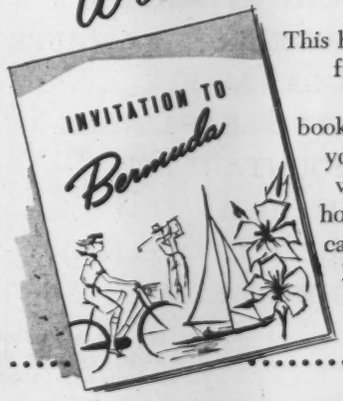

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sational Hamilton murder case of ten years ago.

Mrs. Dick, who was under sentence for the murder of her husband, wrote to Mr. Robinette from her prison cell, appealing for his assistance. While he had not followed the case closely, his sense of legal integrity, which is strong, had been disturbed by the knowledge that her conviction was based largely on a confession obtained from her by the police. So with five days to read the 1600-page transcription of evidence he undertook the case.

The Robinette method, it has been pointed out, is to hammer away at the strong points of his case and ignore the weaker ones. His converse method is to hammer away at the weak point of the opposition. In the Dick case, the weak point was the crown witness, Frank Boehler. The strong point of the defence was the nature of Mrs. Dick's confession. Robinette hammered away vigorously at both, and in the end Boehler was thoroughly discredited as a witness and Mrs. Dick's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

From the legal point of view, the most important outcome of the Dick trial was its effect on admissibility of confessions in court trials. In Mrs. Dick's case, the confessions, to be sure, were obtained through persuasion rather than coercion. The police indulged the prisoner in various small ways, and possibly in the hope of extending the treatment she obligingly came up with half a dozen confessions. Most of these contradicted each other and it was impossible to tell whether Mrs. Dick's motive in making them sprang from simplicity or an even more singular complexity of mind. In any case, Robinette was able to prove beyond doubt the dubious nature of confession as evidence. In the end, both law and justice were established to his satisfaction.

From the Robinette point of view, justice and the law can never be in final opposition. Since both law and justice are highly complex phenomena, the business of reconciling them satisfactorily can become nothing less than an intellectual passion. He thoroughly distrusts the emotional approach to both. The business of the lawyer, he once pointed out, in speaking before the Ontario Criminal Lawyers' Association, is to remain aloof and not associate himself personally with his client's cause.

In a reminiscent mood, he referred recently to the case of Steve Suchan, who was executed for murder, following the depredations of the Boyd gang. Suchan, he said, was an extraordinarily likable human being, intelligent, quick-witted, and a gifted violinist. Robinette, who acted as his defence lawyer, had no explanation for the aberration that led, finally, to the killing of Inspector Tong; and since there was no question of sanity involved, neither Suchan's natural temperament nor his deviation from normalcy had any final bearing on the case. As a good defence lawyer, Robinette took his stand on the simplest and safest formula yet devised by either law or justice: a man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

In this connection, he noted with satisfaction the increasing hard-headedness of juries, over the past twenty-five years. "A lawyer who tried to sway a jury by oratory today would simply end by getting himself laughed at," he said. The old forensic approach is no longer taken seriously. Probably the only practitioner who can still use it effectively is Sir Winston Churchill.

Because of his wide knowledge of the law, and his profound respect for it, he is rather acutely sensitive to legal infringements. He is opposed, for instance, to fluoridation, purely on legal grounds. ("There is no legal provision for medicating drinking water.") He is disturbed, too, by the press habit of "trying" cases by tendentious reports while a case is still in progress in the courts. In England, he points out, the law on this point is rigorously enforced, and editors have frequently been sued for printing reports that influenced public opinion.

On the whole, however, he regards Canada's legal system as a matter for pride. English courts, he points out, are "Crown-minded" and will try to get around a legal technicality if possible. In addition, English Appeal Courts have no power to order new trial, so must either uphold a verdict or squash it. Canada's Supreme Court, he believes, is more solicitous for the rights of the accused than the Criminal Appeal Court of England, or even the House of Lords. He has immense respect for the Supreme Court of Canada and deeply regrets that he was unable, for private reasons, to accept the appointment to its Appelate Division when it was offered him some years ago.

During the past few years Robinette has devoted himself almost exclusively to civil law. However he allows himself two full months' vacation in the summer and spends it with his family at his summer home in Southampton. This gives him plenty of opportunity for golfing, swimming and catching up with his reading. His favorite reading is biography, American and Canadian history, and, for special diversion, law.

Joan, the eldest of his three daughters, will finish her course at Osgoode this year. So far there is no indication that she will follow the family tradition and enter at once on a career of criminal law. "Criminal law is a very heavy strain, particularly for a woman," her father says. There are other branches of the legal profession that are less demanding. She will, he thinks, probably take up civil law.

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Mediterranean Places and People

by Gertrude Langridge

I JOURNEYED to the medieval Bridge of Avignon to imagine the beautiful ladies and their admirers curtseying and dancing to the old familiar nursery tune of *Sur le Pont D'Avignon.* What did I watch instead as I stood on its solid stone arches? Jets screaming through the air, somersaulting above the Rhone river, swooping low over the Bridge, wheeling in formation above the crenelated towers of the Palace of the Popes close by. It was the National Air Show offering that day a display of daring and the latest models of the modern machine.

The planes left the sky. There stood the Palace of the Popes and the Bridge of Avignon, glowing in the sunset light, solid and serene as for the past eight hundred years.

Here in age-old Provence, as in the Basque country, the brash mechanical age has penetrated certainly, inevitably. Yet it has merely dropped into this timeless scene, piercing the texture of life as a pattern or design but leaving the fabric unaltered.

I lived for three weeks in a Basque village perched on the steep slopes of the Pyrenees. From my balcony I looked down upon the Basque houses, white-walled with their red tiled roofs, deep red shutters and hanging balconies, each with its garland of vivid green vine encircling the walls mid-way. My Basque farmhouse was new, built since the war, yet it was identical with its neighbours of seven or eight generations ago.

It was the cock-crow under my window that roused me at dawn. Shortly after, I heard the creak of the wagon wheels on the steep stony lane and the farmer's grunts to his pair of cows drawing this unsteady vehicle.

Arles: Bullfights in the arena.

Provence: Cows are work animals.

In the Basque country the cow is the animal of farm work. They must plough, they must haul. In the village pairs of these unperturbed dun cows draw hay wagons or water carts through the streets. The sparkling modern cars they chance to meet must edge over to the wall to let them pass.

Proud of its long heritage, each village holds a week of festivities in August, featuring their ancient Basque dances and folklore with traditional costumes in white, red and green. It was a famous Basque troupe, just returned from triumphs abroad, that came to dance outdoors one evening at the Fronton of our village, the girls doing lively footwork and swift whirling patterns, sometimes waving flowered hoops over their heads, the men, tall and wiry, performing great leaps and kicks high in the air.

But everywhere the symbol of the bull dominates these regions. Before I left the Pyrenees I steeled my nerves to go to the bullfight at Bayonne, an experience I intend never to repeat. Nevertheless, this insight into the sport prepared me to observe more carefully the frescoes of the bull of ancient Crete in his original toss of the Minoan matador who had to somersault to live. In the 35 centuries since that athletic contest, the bull has been lending his head and figure to the sculptor to symbolize the manly virtues in ivory, marble or stone for temples and public buildings.

The bull is still very much alive in Provence. He lends his flesh and blood for sport for the multitudes who gather today as of old in the Roman arena of Arles. Our Arlesian guide, a small spare man with tight pants and lithe steps, perched on the fence of the empty ring, his eyes sparkling as he pictured for us his recollections of 200 fights on this spot. He filled the circle of seats to the sky with a brightly coloured crowd, swaying, shouting, throwing their gaudy hats into the air. When it is the proud Spanish matadors who perform, then the bulls must be brought from Spain, all tradition and privilege must be observed for the elaborate spectacle. But what our friend really enjoys are the free-for-all "Courses Provençales", a contest of local pride using the wild bulls from the rangeland of Camargue nearby. These Provençal bulls are wily creatures, not so easily fooled by the matador's swaying red cape and quite likely to take an unscheduled lunge at the man behind the cape. On those days gay blades join in the fight by leaping over the fence into the arena to pursue the bull and just as suddenly leaping out again when the bull aims his horns at their pants.

On all this the sun shines, sun that favours the expansive outdoor life, sun that ripens luscious melons, grapes and olives, sun that dries the currants, the tobacco and the bricks for the village, sun that has just added new Rhone rice fields to its Mediterranean sphere. No wonder the ancients honoured the sun in their temples on every sunny hill.

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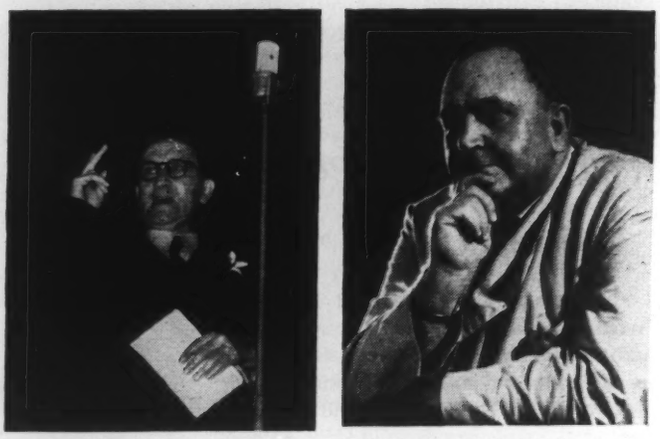
Color and race are only excuses for violent expressions of lurking savageness; the object of hate need not be men—a machine will do, as Montreal's street-car riots demonstrated.



Johannes Strijdom (left) and Sir Roy Welensky have differing viewpoints on the color problems of Africa.

The Myth of White Supremacy

by N. J. Berrill

WHITE AUTHORITIES in South Africa have refused to allow a colored student to accept an educational scholarship offered from the United States on the ground that education would unfit him for his place in the community.

A mob in a white residential district of Detroit recently compelled an old man to sell and evacuate his newly-bought house in the mistaken belief that he was part negro.

Not long ago the Prime Minister of Barbados, who is an educated man with a dark skin, was refused a room in a Montreal hotel. In New Westminster, BC, only a publicity campaign waged by radio and press prevented a business woman and community worker from being banned from the city's newest and swankiest apartment building because of her Chinese origin.

In every instance we see the white man's reluctance to accept the colored person as his fellow being. Why?

The question of color has several aspects, physiological, biological and sociological. In no case, however, does either the ancestry or outlook of the white race appear in a particularly good light, although prejudice against a darker skin is not limited to white-skinned people. Even light-skinned Negroes may feel a "color-prejudice" against black Negroes with pronounced negovid features; in caste-ridden India the very name for caste means color and the strictly separated castes were originally determined by color, for the conquering races were lighter than the conquered.

White and black children attend the same school in the Belgian Congo.

What does skin color mean physiologically? Are you better off with a white skin, a yellow skin, or a brown or black? A lot depends on where and how you live, and the question itself raises the whole matter of the evolution of the human race.

Actually there are two kinds of pigment in the human skin, mixed together in different proportions in the various races. One of these is known as melanin and is responsible for darkening the skin, the other is carotene, a chemical relative of vitamin A, which gives the skin a yellowish color, and so far as we can tell, the original human stock from which the present so-called races evolved had a considerable amount of each kind of pigment. We all have ancestors in common and these most likely were a light yellowish brown.

White skin, so-called, whether it is pink or dirty ivory or any other off-color, is generally regarded by its owner as a sign of superiority. It is nothing of the kind, and any superiority the individual may possess is in spite of his unpigmented state. For white skin, on the whole, is a deficient skin that is really suitable only in the cold, clammy northern regions where the sun is lacking in strength and

clothes need to be worn for the sake of warmth. The white race bleached out, probably a good many chilly thousand years ago, and now that we have migrated to sunnier and warmer parts of the earth we are somewhat at a disadvantage. The black-skinned West African, on the other hand, has gone to the other extreme and developed an excess of the brown pigment as a protection against the intense tropical sun. The rest of mankind, about two thousand million human beings, is neither black nor white but somewhere in between, though whether yellow, brown or black, to the white man conscious of his whiteness all of them are colored.

We, the white folk, are the ones who won't play ball. The color question is a white man's question, and it was only after the centre of western civilization shifted from the Mediterranean to the North Atlantic a few centuries ago that the question arose at all.

So far as anyone can tell, all the evidence shows that, within the limits of normality, there is no relation between the character of the mind and either brain weight, brain shape, cranial capacity or anything physical that we can measure. On an average the brains of Negroes weigh about one ounce less than those of Europeans, but on the other hand the average weight of the Japanese, Eskimos, Polynesians and the South African Kaffirs is markedly greater. You cannot have it both ways. If we regard the Negro brain as somewhat inferior, we must acknowledge the Eskimo as our superior.

From a strictly biological point of view the idea of race as applied to humans has little more meaning than color. There is no pure race of humans under the sun. All are mongrels. All are related in some way to one another and any kind of human being can breed successfully with any other, usually with beneficial results biologically, if not socially.

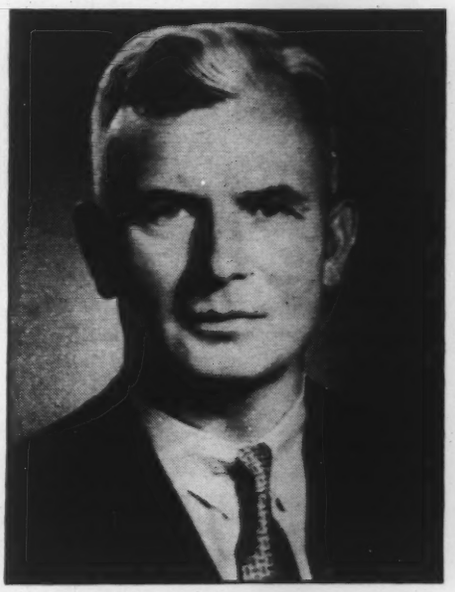
There are three large ethnic groups, to be sure, known as the Caucasian, Negroid and Mongoloid, but the lines between them have long been blurred and usually only the more isolated groups suffer from the delusion that their race is pure and correspondingly superior. The Japanese, until recently secluded on their islands, have believed themselves to be of divine origin and destined to rule the world. The Germans regarded themselves as a race set apart even from other white-skinned people such as Poles, Czechs and Norwegians, and unfortunately for everybody they acted according to this belief. Yet the ancient history of the Japanese and Germans alike merely shows that the present populations are the result of intermixing of wave after wave of invading tribes from other regions. And the same is true for the rest of us.

The process has gone on since the beginning of history and will continue to the end, an everlasting shuffling and reshuffling of the human stock. Here and there the white man is drawing the line at color, but in the end time will tell against him.

Race prejudice and color prejudice, in fact, are attitudes that have to be cultivated, for they do not grow naturally in the young human mind. Unless so taught by their elders, children see no color nor any racial differences.

If we can blame neither race nor color for the prejudicial attitudes we assume, what lies behind them? There are several answers, although fear enters all of them to some extent.

Whenever a tribe or a nation invades the territory of another or in some way



Dr. Norman J. Berrill

becomes the master of its neighbors, it usually feels and expresses contempt for the conquered. Europeans, Asiatic Mongols, African Bantus and American Aztecs have all in their time conquered weaker peoples, and all, in greater or lesser measure, have practised cruelty and oppression.

In this sort of situation the West African Negro has been particularly defenceless, having only arrows and spears at the time Europeans had armor and swords and guns. The African slave trade was begun by Christians and by Englishmen in particular, and the shadow of guilt must be shared by us all. In the Christian kingdoms of Elizabethan times the dark-skinned heathen Africans were looked on as being outside the human pale, without souls to be redeemed or bodies to be considered.

So began the trade and enslavement that enabled white colonists and their descendants to indulge in an unmerited feeling of superiority, so that to this day the poor whites in the southern states, no matter how degraded, feel themselves vastly superior to any Negro or colored person with Negro blood in his veins, however worthy he may actually be.

Color and race are not the answer and only the thought of a Negro's weakness and of popular approval makes such aggressive action possible. For the fact we have to face in such ugly behavior is not prejudice against any particular kind of man, but a lurking savageness that is looking for some means of expression. The object of attack need not be a man at all. A streetcar will do, as any Montrealer can tell you.

Simmering somewhere below the surface is a lot of rage against the circumstances, disappointments and restrictions of life, and all that is needed is a good excuse to express it. Turning streetcars over gets a lot of it out of your system, but it is an outlet mainly for those already at the bottom of the ladder. Most people tend to take it out on the next person, in the peck-order that is common to man and bird alike. So long as you can pass your rebuffs on to someone else you are more or less content, but down at the end of the line is usually someone who has to take it but cannot dish it out.

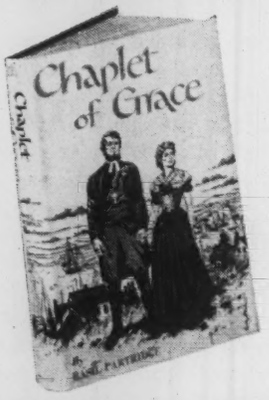
In northern industrial cities like Detroit, the Negro is a comparative newcomer, usually of a more restless and aggressive kind than those who stay behind in the south. He is competitive and tends to undercut the job market and so, since the fear of unemployment is never far away, his presence creates resentment, more fear, anger and hate in those who feel their security threatened. Any newly-arrived foreign element would be just as disturbing, and might be the object of hostile action so long as language set them apart, but language distinction is soon overcome and such newcomers blend with the majority of the population. Color does not blend; the Negro remains vulnerable.

Fear of unemployment, fear of loss in property value, resentments against life in general and, not least, the contagious need for excitement when there is nothing but television at home, all tend to make people act less human when conditions are ripe. Minorities have been in trouble throughout history—the Jews in Poland and Germany, the Christians in ancient Rome, and the Negro in the Northern States.

So long as the Negro remained comparatively poor and uneducated he could be made to stay in his place, as a servant or hired man even though no longer a slave. But as the Negro population has grown, as education and factory employment have increased skills and earnings, so has Negro independence grown. The old order in the South is passing and what we now witness is no more than rearguard action, bitter and violent perhaps, but hopeless.

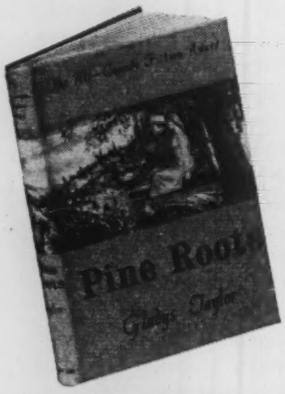
South Africa is a different story. There

Top-Ranking Fiction



CHAPLET OF GRACE

By Basil Partridge, author of *The Penningtons*. The story of Victoria and Harry Penningtons' early married life in the Maritimes. The author's best. Second printing. $4.00.



PINE ROOTS

By Gladys Taylor. Winner of The Ryerson Fiction Award. This magnificent novel is the story of the pioneers of the Swan River Valley, Manitoba, beginning about 1900. $3.75.

JOSHUA DOAN

By Gladys F. Lewis. A deeply-moving historical novel of the Quaker community in southwestern Ontario, during the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837. $3.50.

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the native African far out-numbers the white colonists, and the white minority has been in command for only a little while. Throughout the land the white man is swamped in a sea of black, and maintains his position of white supremacy rather precariously. In any case he knows his danger, but how he acts depends upon his upbringing and national history, the Englishman generally one way and the South African Dutch another.

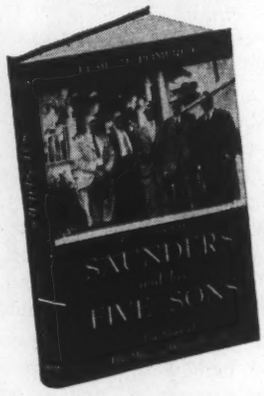
The Union of South Africa and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland lie side by side, but their past and their prospects are very different. In the Federation there are only about 300,000 whites but about six and a half million black men. The deputy prime minister of the Federation, Sir Roy Welensky, speaking recently in Canada, said that there is no fear of the black man in the Federation and that an immense educational effort is being made to equalize educational and economic standards, and that the policy of white supremacy cannot be used for the setting up of a nation.

At the present time in the Union of South Africa there are about eight million native Africans, two millions of European stock, about a million mixed Negro and White and about three hundred thousand Indians.

The present prime minister, Johannes Strijdom, is not merely a Negro-hating Boer fearful of the rising claims of colored enfranchisement. He adds to all of this the arrogant master-race attitude of the Nazis, for whom he professed marked admiration during World War II. So he and his followers are attempting to put the clock back by enforcing a more rigid segregation than has existed before, by disenfranchising the colored folk and last, but by no means least, limiting Negro education. Unless reason prevails before long, the outcome will be bloodshed and disaster, for the tide of color is rising throughout the world and no unpigmented frustrated minority can stop it.

In general, the color problem, whether we look upon it as color prejudice or race prejudice or simply as prejudice against anyone who is different from ourselves, is fundamentally a problem of human behavior. Like juvenile delinquency, it reflects upon the individuals who exhibit it, it reflects upon their parental and social upbringing, and it reflects upon the circumstances of contemporary society. Natural man, whether he be a savage or a child or a highly civilized human being, sees neither race nor color but only his fellow men, each unique in his own way but all essentially alike in their need and hope for health and happiness. We live on one world and the brotherhood of man is all-inclusive. Christianity has been preaching this for nearly two thousand years. Now its truth is coming home to roost.

Books About Interesting People

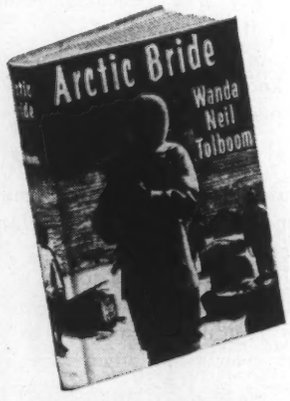


WILLIAM SAUNDERS AND HIS FIVE SONS

By Elsie Pomeroy. The story of the Marquis wheat family. Marquis wheat was vital to the opening up of the Canadian West. $4.00.

MRS. MINISTER

By Olive Knox. "Has a freshness and charm that few books . . . possess . . . Olive Knox has succeeded in writing a minor masterpiece." — *The Gleaner*, Fredericton. $3.75.



ARCTIC BRIDE

By Wanda Tolboom. A vivid and engaging account of life among the Eskimos in an isolated Hudson's Bay Company trading post. Illustrated. $4.50.

At Your Bookseller's
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The Age of Opulence

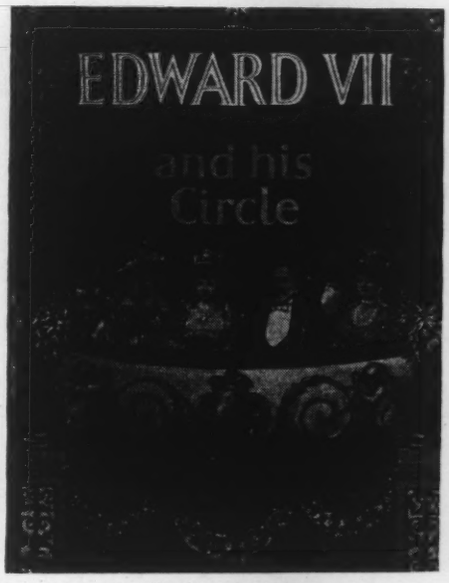
by Robertson Davies

WHEN, ON MAY 20, 1910, the funeral procession of King Edward VII passed through the streets of London, the coffin was followed by the new King, George V, and eight foreign sovereigns; but perhaps the most widely admired figure in the cortege was the dead man's little dog, Caesar, who trotted behind the pallbearers. How, one wonders, was this admirable stage-effect contrived? Did one of the monarchs (the German Emperor, perhaps, moved by family feeling) agree to wear a pair of the dead man's boots so that Caesar would be faithful, and not dash off into the crowd in pursuit of a rat? The appearance of Caesar is interesting, because it is evidence of the lengths to which the sentimentalizing of Royalty, now so far advanced that it threatens almost to destroy the monarchy, had gone at that time.

Edward VII ministered to that sentimentality, but he was firm in his notion of kingship. When King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated, and Russia sought to reconcile England with Serbia, Edward wrote to the Czar: '*Mon métier à moi est d'être Roi.* King Alexander was also by his *métier "un Roi".* I cannot be indifferent to the assassination of a member of my profession . . .' Mark those words 'of my profession'; Edward not only had certain mystical ideas about the qualities and functions of a King, but he also regarded kingship as a craft to be learned and an art to be practised.

He had a long apprenticeship as Prince of Wales, and when he came to the throne he knew his job thoroughly and performed it with professional flourish. As we read Virginia Cowles' book *Edward VII and His Circle* we are impressed again and again with the expertise and native gusto which Edward brought to his task as a constitutional monarch. Would he have approved of the appearance of Caesar at his funeral? He would have seen the element of weakness in that touch of Beerbohm Tree stagecraft, and he might not have permitted it.

The King's death was greeted with mourning and an adulation of the dead man which was excessive and, like all excess, was followed by a contrary reaction. In 1912 a volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* appeared containing a chilly appraisal of Edward by Sir Sidney Lee; into the facts about Edward were dropped personal judgements, to the effect that the late King had been lazy, stupid and a gross woman-chaser, without the intellectual power to achieve the splendid diplomatic relations with foreign lands which had been attributed to him. Kipling's estimation of Edward as "a corpulent voluptuary" was given to the world by Lee in an extended and subtle form. At this distance of time it is possible to see that Edward was partly as Lee painted him, if allowance is made for Lee's puritan bias, but that he was also an extremely able man in his profession, which was kingship.



Jacket Design

There is nothing astonishing in the fact that Edward led a self-indulgent life; his mother, Queen Victoria, indulged herself excessively in all the pleasures which appealed to her (including bad temper and immoderate grief) and George IV, William IV and the whole family were people who denied themselves nothing. The miracle is that Edward had any ability at all. His education and childhood circumstances would have destroyed anything but a very strong character.

Both Victoria and Albert treated him with cold severity, and told him and everyone else that Edward was stupid. They put him in the care of martinets, and allowed his training to be dominated by the meddling pedant Stockmar. Little pleasure, and little affection, lightened his boyhood years, and he was kept from contact with other boys in a way which would horrify a modern psychiatrist. When Albert died, the Queen found a new grievance in Edward's reluctance to continue mourning with her for weary, neurotic years. Edward emerged from this unpromising nursery a man of firm temper, considerable self-discipline, and a generous measure of common sense. He might excusably have been as warped as his nephew, the Emperor of Germany.

Excesses provoke contrary reactions; everybody knows it, but few people respect it. The severity and joylessness of Edward's youth gave him a lifelong passion for gaiety, beautiful women, food and drink, and the kind of company of which his parents would have disapproved. He loved Society, and he knew himself to be its apex. So he admitted to Society people who had previously been kept at bay—financiers, Jews, men of daring and vision, men who had risen from rags to riches. He did nothing for the arts, because he did not like them. But what British monarch, since the death of Charles I, has known anything about the arts? Charles II liked the theatre and George III strummed a bit, and apart from those two, no member of the British royal house, from that day to this, has known beans about music, painting or letters. But it was, and in some degree still is, aristocratic to know nothing of these things. Brains are Non-U. Edward saw nothing wrong with it; his notion of first-rate company was Sir Ernest Cassel or Sir Thomas Lipton. He liked men who made things hum.

It is fashionably nostalgic nowadays to look back on the reign of Edward VII as the last golden age of Britain, when lots of money, lots of servants, and a reasonably quiet condition of world affairs made it possible for the lucky ones to relish the sweetness of life. How sweet it was may be judged from a delightful book by Sir Lawrence Jones called *An Edwardian Youth,* in which he describes his Oxford days, and his first experiences at the Bar. This book will have a special appeal to the men of Balliol College, for it tells of one of the great periods of that institution, but it is not that tiresome production, 'a Balliol book'. There are Balliol men who have never discovered that with people who do not share their good fortune, a little of Balliol reminiscence goes a long way. Sir Lawrence has the skill to make us feel the quality of Balliol, without ramming it down our throats.

Here we have a sympathetic but not deluded account of a type of education which has almost vanished from the earth. It was achieved by bringing well-taught boys into the society of exceptional men, whose aim was to train them to use their minds without playing the schoolmaster; it was education by example. It began by hand-picking the

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boys; presentation of certificates will not get you into an Oxford college. It proceeded by a process which Stephen Leacock has called 'smoking at them', to give them a sense of their intellectual shortcomings; and also by eating with them, drinking with them (this is very important, for one of the marks of a really learned man is that no amount of drink will reveal any grossness or brutality in him) and endlessly and provocatively talking with them. Such education costs a lot of money, and it does not suit everybody, but it has magnificent results. And, if we talk of the economics of the matter, is it not cheaper to have a couple of universities which thoroughly educate a few people, than a welter of universities which are prevented by sentimental popular opinion from satisfactorily educating anybody?

Sir Lawrence Jones grew to manhood in the golden reign of Edward VII. He had a very gay time of it, but it is clear from his account that the life of Oxford was not tinged with the license of the Court. Girls were carefully chaperoned, and young men had romantic ideas about them. There was a good deal of chivalry going about, some of it ridiculous and some charming. Sir Lawrence thinks that young people today live healthier lives and have a better time. That is generous of him, but we may wonder if there has not been a corresponding loss.

Sir Lawrence's book is a justification of his training, for it is written with the most delicate art—the kind which never obtrudes. But how concise, how firm, and yet how easy to read his prose is! For Miss Cowles it is not possible to say so much. She writes without emphasis and without restraint, like somebody grinding a barrel-organ, and the pleasure her book gives comes from its matter, unaided by its manner.

Edward VII And His Circle, by Virginia Cowles—pp. 365, Index and illustrations *—Hamish Hamilton—$5.*

An Edwardian Youth, by L. E. Jones—pp. 249*—Macmillan—$3.50.*

Emily Dickinson

by Louis Dudek

I saw an oak tree in a pot,
  It was a very pretty thing:
Its branches had been often cut
  So that it kept its tiny plot.

The narrow body twisted up
  And glistening in the frightening sun;
Two feet of stem inside a cup—
  And yet an oak from root to top.

Nature is great in filling space
  Tight as an atom with desire,
But for a tree a room's no place;
  To put it there was a disgrace.

Bonds as a Medium for Speculation

by J. Ross Oborne

THAT GOVERNMENT Bonds fall into the category of speculative securities is accepted by some classes of investors.

Such a statement is, of course, a flat contradiction of the time worn phrase that "Canada Bonds are the safest and most liquid Canadian investment".

Let us examine these points of view, to determine whether an investor can increase his capital by using Canada Bonds as a "speculation", or whether capital is better protected by buying them for "safety and liquidity".

To get down to basic facts, when we buy a Canada bond, we make a loan to the Government. In return, the Government agrees to pay our loan back on a stipulated future date and to pay us interest in the meantime. Loans to the Government of this kind total almost $13,000 million. What we, of course, are really doing is just lending money to ourselves, and giving the Government the right to do the judicious spending of it for us.

As individuals, our share of the Government debt is $815.00. The annual interest charges to service this debt amount to approximately $24.50 per person. The security behind the loans is the unlimited taxing power granted to the Federal Government. The long established record of the Government's ability to retire bonds as they come due, and regularly to pay all interest, is proof enough that an efficient method of collecting taxes exists.

So much for the "safety" factor. The question of "liquidity" is not a major problem. There is always a market for Canada bonds. Small or large amounts can be sold promptly and payment received.

The broad liquid market for Canada bonds is made up of many types of buyers and sellers. The money that we deposit in our bank is often used by the bank to purchase bonds. The payment that we make to our insurance company, our pension, or our union, often is similarly invested. Acting for the buyers and for the sellers, and helping to maintain sound liquid markets on their own account, are also those members of the Investment Dealers Association of Canada who underwrite and distribute Government and Corporation bonds. Added to these many segments of the market is the tremendous volume of buying and selling of Canada bonds, carried on by the Bank of Canada itself. This "influence" on the general market, brought about by governmental policy, is one of the most important factors in our economy today, and has had more to do with the "speculative" element in Canada bonds than anything else.

The "influence" on our security markets is a very real one, as the rate of interest, which the Government pays on its own bonds, forms a base for all other interest charges. The Government "rate" affects the rate of interest that Trans Canada Pipelines will pay to borrow money; it governs the rate that the Royal Bank pays us on our deposits, and the interest which we pay on a mortgage at the Commercial Life Insurance Co.

In short, the whole structure involving the cost of borrowing money, can be altered by actions of the Government in raising or lowering the rate of interest paid on Canada bonds.

From an investment standpoint, the effects of raising and lowering interest are very evident when we look at the prices of bonds.

For example, one year ago, Canada 3¾% due Feb. 1, 1974, sold at 105 to give a return on the investment of 3.34%. Today, they sell at 98¼ which is a 3.89% return. The difference in price is 6¾%, or $67.50 on a $1000 investment. We are now entering the realm of speculation.

It is rather significant that such a high grade security changed so much in price in just one year. If we look back carefully over the last ten years, we find a number of times when the fluctuations have been almost as wide. All we need to do is to pick the right time to buy or to sell, just the same as with a stock, and we can make some handsome capital gains.

First of all, we know that a Canada bond will continue to pay its interest and principal, so that, from a security standpoint, there is little risk. What we are then concerned about is only a price fluctuation. If we look on this price fluctuation in the same way as we would a price fluctuation on a stock, then we are on the right track. In short, we accept a risk involving price, and in assuming this risk go one step further.

If we have only $1,000 to invest, then all we could make in, say, one year, if interest rates went back to where they were a year ago, would be $67.50 in profit plus $37.50 in interest, or about 10% on the investment. On the other hand, if we bought $10,000 in bonds, and used our $1,000 plus the bonds as collateral, the same transaction would look like this: (See box in centre column).

Of course, the whole transaction rests on buying at the proper time, and being able to obtain the necessary credit. Your Investment Dealer will, no doubt, be able to help you decide if now is the time. At least there is something in favor of the present cycle, in that bond prices are at their lowest in twenty-five years.

An interesting vehicle for the type of speculation mentioned above would be the recent Canada issue 3¾% due Mar. 15, 1998, presently selling at about 96½ to yield 3.92%. A change in the interest rate of this issue of ½ of 1% would change the price to $107.25.

(This is the first of a series of articles on the subject of bonds by Mr. Oborne. Subsequent articles will appear monthly.)

A Transaction For Profit

$10,000 bonds at 98.25	**$9,825.00**
less $1,000 cash	**8,825.00**
Cost of borrowing $8, 825.00 for one year	**507.43**
Int. on $10,000 bonds for 1 year at 3¾%	**375.00**
Loss of interest	**132.43**
Profit on transaction 10 x 67.50	**675.00**

Net profit 542.57

This is 54% on $1,000 invested.

For Individual Air Travellers

by William Sclater

SOMETIMES, at an airport, the sight of a vending machine for air travel accident insurance induces us to spend a few quarters for protection against the hazards of the flight. At the same time we may have a guilty feeling this is something we might have thought about earlier.

There is nothing wrong with the machine. It provides very satisfactory coverage at reasonable rates. But when there is so much good coverage offered by various companies, on single trip or annual basis, it is worth looking into by anyone using the airways.

Here, for example, is a specific policy. It is offered by a reputable travel accident insurance underwriter and, for a premium of fifty cents, it provides coverage of $12,500 principal sum against death or loss of one or more limbs, hands, feet or eyes, plus a sum of $625 for blanket medical expense to cover nursing, hospital, expenses, etc., in the event of bodily injury.

This policy is good for any one-way or one-way and return flight within one year in or between any two points in Canada, the United States, Hawaii, Alaska, Mexico, Central America, Bermuda, Venezuela, Colombia and the Caribbean Islands for any scheduled airline flight. The only exclusion is war or any act of war.

It is a direct mail policy. You simply check any one of the four zones marked that you want to fly in, tick off the amounts of insurance you want and mail it in to the underwriters with your cheque.

For the same coverage of $12,500 plus $625 quoted for fifty cents on the one-way and return flight, you would pay an additional two dollars to cover you for an unlimited number of additional flights, within the zone, for a limit of 30 days.

If the coverage limit desired for the basic policy is $50,000 plus medical expense protection of $2,500, the premium would go up from fifty cents to two dollars for your one way and return flight trip. The maximum limit on this policy is $62,500 principal sum and $3,125 medical expense. It would cost you $2.50.

Cost of coverage rises steeply if you want to include the British Isles and Europe in your flying zone. In place of the fifty cents for the coverage quoted you can write in $2. If you want your flying trip on a world-wide basis you tick off $4.

For bigger coverages, such as the maximum $62,500 plus $3,125, the premium for one-way and return Atlantic flight including Britain and Europe would be $10. On a world-wide basis the same coverage would cost exactly double that amount.

For the individual who seeks insurance protection against air travel accident on an annual basis, a policy offered by experienced underwriters has a minimum annual premium of $8.50.

This is worldwide air coverage and practically anyone using the airways, whether as a passenger, pilot or crew member, can take it out at the rates set for their classification and for the breadth of coverage.

Lowest rates apply to the scheduled airline passenger. The policy covers him when flying in and when boarding or alighting from the aircraft. He is also covered while in any common carrier going directly to or from the airport for or following a flight.

For each $1,000 of principal sum the premium rate is 55 cents. The maximum limit under this form is $500,000. If you purchased $10,000, the annual cost to you would be $5.50.

The first $500 of medical expense coverage is rated at $1. Each additional $100 over that costs 10 cents per $100. If the traveller decided on $2,500 worth, the annual premium cost would be $3.

The third classification available is weekly accident indemnity. This is designed to replace temporary loss of earning power and is limited to 52 weeks and usually 80% of normal earnings. The rate is 20 cents for each $5 of weekly accident income.

Total annual premium cost of a policy giving $10,000 capital sum for accidental death or dismemberment, $2,500 medical expense, and $75 a week accident indemnity, would be $11.50.

A common carrier travel rider to complete your coverage for land and water also may be added to your air travel policy at additional cost. Exclusions applicable to scheduled airline passenger coverage are for war and suicide only. For the "anyway you fly" policies, there can be exclusions for crop dusting, banner towing and other specialty lines and these should be checked on when taking out a policy, as should jet-propelled, rocket or rotorcraft that are not scheduled airline equipment.

STETSON "Casuals"

This Fall the casual hat comes into its own! Stetson "Casuals" are correct for stadium, town or country and they're wanted and worn by the men of today for their swagger, comfort and style! In velours, suedes and blends, with varied bands and ornaments.

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Stetson Melbourne

AQUANIZED STETSON

Mallory Hats (Canada) Limited—a member of the Stetson Group of Companies —also has its own smart line of "Casual" hats.

"Salesmen Are the Backbone"

Ten years ago he started business in a reconverted dining room. Today he is the president of what is claimed to be the largest real estate company in North America. His company does over $80,000,000 worth of business a year.

ACCORDING to George Ridout, President of what has been described as North America's largest real estate company, a man needs only two things to become a success — hard work and a lot of luck.

This 35-year-old executive, who now directs a staff of 500 people, has a distinct right to speak as a prophet of success: only ten years ago he was a salaried employee in the accounting department of McBride's Garage in Toronto.

The story of Ridout's soaring success during the last ten years has become a legend. From a one-room operation started in 1946, he has built up a real estate business which now has 13 residential offices in Metropolitan Toronto and nine branches across Ontario doing over $80,000,000 worth of business a year.

George Ridout

This year Ridout expects the company to break more sales records. Houses and lots make up the bulk of his business and this is substantially increased by industrial and commercial sites such as "Summer City" — a group of 300 low-cost lakefront cottages complete with a modern shopping centre in Haliburton, Ontario — and a downtown redevelopment project now under way in Toronto.

Born in Toronto in 1920, Ridout was educated at Riverdale Collegiate and Meisterschaft College, from which he graduated with his junior matriculation in 1939.

His first job after graduation was as an accounting clerk with the Savarin Hotel in Toronto. In 1942 he joined the accounting staff at McBride's Garage. Four years later he and his brother Ernest decided to strike out on their own and open a real estate office. On April 1, 1946, the brothers formed the Ernest Ridout Real Estate Company and opened their modest office — "a reconverted dining room to be exact" — in Ernest's home on Coxwell Ave. Within a year they moved to a "real" office — "seven feet wide and twenty feet long."

According to George, "we were doing well" — so well in fact, that in 1948 they opened four branch offices in Toronto. From that point on, the story's theme is one of expansion and rising volume.

In 1953 Ernest Ridout resigned as chairman of the company when he started a heating equipment business, and George took over as president.

Seated behind his massive desk, five-foot-five-inch George Ridout gives the impression of aloof formality until some comment provokes a sudden smile and a quiet chuckle. His soft voice and nonchalant attitude are deceiving. As one salesman put it, "He makes you feel as though he is looking right through you when you speak to him. You just can't lie to George — you feel like a fool when you try to put something over on him".

Ridout feels that, "salesmen are the backbone of the business. You have to get the best". To do this he offers his men high commissions, incentive plans, and a personal interest in their affairs. He recently initiated "The Stork Club"—an organization which donates $100 to each new father, on behalf of the company.

Ridout puts in a nine to ten-hour day before he leaves for his 20-room home — "I couldn't sell it, so I had to buy it" — in his blue Cadillac convertible.

A man with many interests, he is a voracious reader who often amazes his friends with his wide knowledge of history and astronomy. He puts in many hours studying real estate law and legislation — "I feel that my men should be able to come to me and get reliable advice on any aspect of real estate".

Between football games, fishing trips and after-dinner speaking engagements, Ridout spends all his free time with his wife and five children. He has a strong sense of family. Last winter he chartered a TCA plane and had 27 of his relatives flown to Florida for a two-week vacation. On his mother's last birthday he decided to surprise her by rounding up all of her friends, many of whom she hadn't seen for years.

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Gold & Dross

Loblaw Companies

Are you optimistic about the growth possibilities of Loblaw Companies? — B.J., Rochester, N.Y.

Through operating subsidiaries and a substantial interest in National Tea Co., annual sales of the Loblaw Companies organization now exceed $1 billion. Loblaw Groceterias, the Ontario operating subsidiary, in the latest fiscal year rang up the highest net profit in the industry on this continent, 2.22% of sales versus about 2% for food chains generally. The cash register of National Tea and Loblaw Inc. (the latter an operating subsidiary in the U.S.) were able to punch out only 1.25% and 1.30% respectively but are expected to do better as a result of expansion. Loblaw Groceterias is also expanding with plans to enter western Canada.

While statistically every prospect of the Loblaw organization pleases, the competitive nature of food retailing business may be worth some thought. Gimmicks in the form of "deals" and trading stamps show which way the wind is blowing. And the independent retail grocers who were able to stay in business in spite of the ascendancy of the chains are showing a surprising ability to compete in the cracker and bologna league. Having rolled with the punches for years and survived, they may now be about to hand out a few body blows of their own.

Waite Amulet

How can one explain the price of Waite Amulet in view of its limited ore reserves? —M.W., Peterborough, Ont.

Waite Amulet has outstanding 3.3 million shares, so a price of $14 puts a market capitalization on it of approximately $46 millions. Combined ore reserves at the end of 1955 in the East Waite mine and at Amulet Dufault Mines property (in which Waite's interest is 90%) were sufficient to cover three years' operations.

Waite's net in 1955 was $7.3 millions and taking this as a criterion, mining operations on the basis of known reserves can be expected to net upwards of $20 millions. There is, however, always a chance of a live mining property prolonging its life beyond its indicated span as a result of success in exploration and development. Exploration the last couple of years has not been productive but ground remains to be explored.

Waite at the end of 1955 had net current assets of $10.9 millions and $800,000 in stores and supplies. Additionally the company owned 436,750 shares of Mining Corp. plus 150,000 shares of Geco. Mining Corp. is a $25 stock, Geco $18.

Anticipated earnings from known reserves plus liquid assets and investment holdings give Waite an indicated breakup value which largely explains its market capitalization. And something has to be allowed for its association with the Mining Corp.-Noranda group, which has an aggressive approach to mining exploration. It is possible that Waite could be a vehicle for development of some outstanding property which might come the way of the group.

Massey-Harris

The way in which Massey-Harris has performed, or failed to perform, makes this shareholder somewhat less than bullish about it. Can you offer any hope?—V.C., Toronto.

Yes. Massey is a strong unit in an industry basic to the world, and especially to Canada. Long-term pessimism about it is incomprehensible.

The number of farm units is decreasing but the average size is growing larger in many areas. The need of the future will be for farm tools of bigger size and capacity, and possibly fewer of them. Massey early seized on this trend to big-scale farming with its reaper-thresher combines and one can look for the company to be in the vanguard of any revival for the implement industry.

A development which has been discussed for the implement industry from time immemorial but which is nonetheless a logical expectation is the manufacture of lines other than farm equipment. Implement plants are equipped with the necessary shops to cast, shape and assemble virtually anything which can be made of metal. Additionally, their brand names have won a loyal following among large masses of consumers and they have big dealer organizations.

Buying Stocks

Is there any best time to buy stocks?—K.O., Ottawa, Ont.

For the professional trader there may be many good occasions on which to buy stocks. But for the non professional investor the best time to buy stocks is whenever he has surplus funds.

Never hide your money in a biscuit tin or under the mattress, waiting for low prices; always keep it working. As a private investor you haven't a Chinaman's chance of picking the low buying spots on the market. But as a Canadian with capital you can buy into this country's basic industries and let your capital grow with the economy. The trend of the Canadian economy is up, and this should be true of the long-term trend of stock prices. Any one who doesn't believe this should take up subsistence farming.

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General Manager

Toronto, August 30, 1956

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G. K. Chesterton once said that a man could build a statue a mile high but if he tried to think it out in square inches he would go mad. So take the long, broad view of stock ownership, despite the wiseacres who come around boasting about the killing they made on short term market swings. They never tell you about mortgaging the house to meet margin calls.

Consumers Gas

You published some very enthusiastic comment on Consumers Gas last year, since which time the stock has not got very far on the market. Are you as bullish as ever on this company?—B.D.A., Kitchener, Ont.

It is difficult to appraise the prospects for Consumers Gas without becoming enthusiastic. Naturally, no one can say what market valuation speculators and investors will put on the company but its failure to keep pace in the market with the trend of other blue chips has been disappointing to shareholders. However, Consumers has been able to add something to its market price during the year, although this increase appears to have been at a much lesser rate than the expansion of the company's prospects. One could write columns about the key position which Consumers occupies in the plan to distribute Alberta natural gas in Eastern Ontario but we think one single fact, and the conclusions one can reach from it, sums up the situation: Consumers sales increased 75% in the nine months to June 30, 1956.

In Brief

Would you provide a rundown on Donalda for a constant reader?—C.G., Huntsville, Ont.

Donalda is continuing depth exploration for gold-copper-zinc occurrences on its original claims near Noranda, where another exploratory effort in search of gold has secured indications of marginal interest. The company has also optioned ground in the Sudbury district of Ontario for its copper possibilities.

While there's life there's hope.

What is the status of Alpha Mines Ltd?—B.O., Windsor, Ont.

It was "omega" for its charter.

How does Aladdin Mining Co. Ltd. stand?—B.P., Winnipeg, Man.

The lamp went out.

What is Columinda Metals Corp. doing?—H.C., Newmarket, Ont.

Still trying to win financial support for the Columbia claims.

How is Daylight Gold Mines Ltd?—C.J., Port Arthur, Ont.

It turned out to be a dark day.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

IT WAS Sunday afternoon in Toronto, and raining hard at that! And Pete was thoroughly bored and disgruntled. "Why don't you write Aunt Mary a nice long letter?" suggested his father, watching the boy flip idly through the pages of book after book.

"That only takes a few minutes, and *then* what'll I do?" Pete shook his head hopelessly. "And anyway I don't know her new address."

His father laughed. "I'll give it to you," he said, "and I guess you'll be well occupied for more than those few minutes! It's Cedar Road, and you can figure out the number." For a moment he hesitated. "Multiply together the two figures of her number and square that and multiply by three and then add what you get to our number, and you'll have the square of Aunt Mary's number."

Pete lives at No. 46, but that didn't help him much. In fact he never got down to writing the letter! Perhaps you can find the number of his aunt's house?

(34)

Answer on Page 38.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

A GREAT DEAL of modern two-move strategy is connected with the change-mate. Besides a change from the set mates, further changes may be developed from tries, key-moves that will not quite work. And often the set and changed play is reciprocal. Then we hear a deal about random and correction moves of a black piece. All this sort of strategy is mystifying to the ordinary solver. Unless pointed out he may miss it entirely and the problem appear worthless.

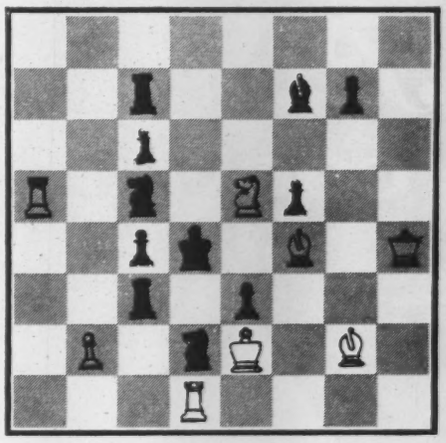
In No. 152 the author presents the reciprocal correction theme in changed play form. It centres on the play of the Kt at B4, before and after the key-move.

Solution of Problem No. 151.

1.P-Q5, threat; 2.BxPch, KxP; 3.R-K5 mate. 1.P-Q5, KxP; 2.R-Q7ch, KxP or else; 3.B-Q4 or Q mates accordingly. 1.P-Q5, BxP; 2.B-B4ch, K-Q5 or B-K3; 3.B-K3 or Q-B4 mate accordingly. 1.P-Q5, Kt-B7; 2.Q-B4ch, K-K6; 3.B-B4 mate.

Problem No. 152, by L. Larsen

White mates in two.



Verbum Sapienti

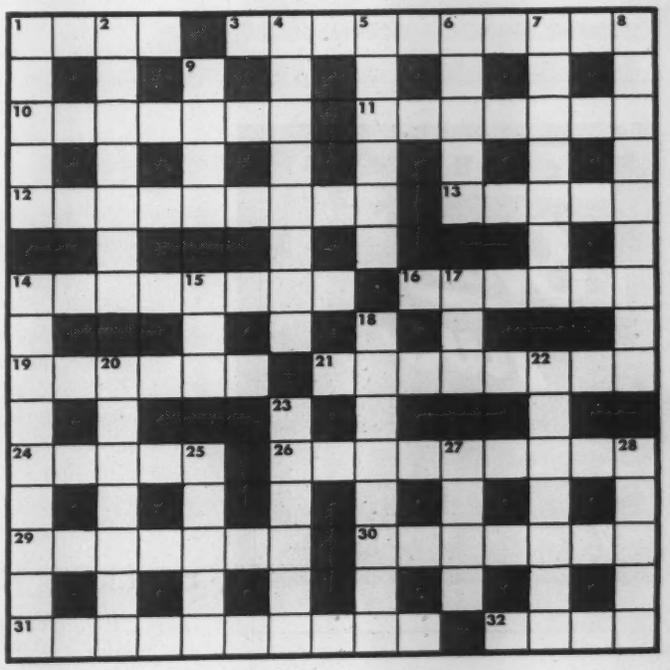
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 He has designs on women. (4)
3 Doubtful opportunity denied to Jack Sprat? (1, 3, 6)
10 Nothing remains the same here! (7)
11 Inigo's soundly suggests one. (7)
12 Too many people take cover in agitation with a bad word. (9)
13 The rub of Hamlet's soliloquy. (5)
14 So it nabs defenders inside them. (8)
16 Unlike 1A, one who does has designs on men also. (6)
19 Dickens' one was full of art. (6)
21 Broil her? Such a fate! (8)
24 Insertion that needs no iron. (5)
26 A pen often used in correspondence? (9)
29 He's almost entirely devoted to one kind of vitamin. (7)
30 When hornets are around you might do this to your stay. (7)
31 One starts in this country with fresh enthusiasm, it seems. (3, 7)
32 "My god!" as Casanova might have said. (4)

DOWN

1 This dog doesn't need a bell. It makes the same sound with nothing. (5)
2 They're let to us but they won't let us in. (7)
4 But they don't blow the "All clear" at sea. (8)
5 Walks on the stairs. (6)
6 As death might appear to those who fear it. (5)
7 Eastern? But certainly not Far! (7)
8 To do things this way would not be in accordance with the Boy Scouts' motto. (9)
9 Fifty per cent discount. (4)
14 Is the cot, when occupied by a cavalryman? (9)
15 This man cometh, according to O'Neill. (3)
17 One of the tunes you'd expect to find in "My Fair Lady". (3)
18 Snake that travels on foot? (8)
20 Was Ovid corrected when he did? (7)
22 Keaton must be around 50 by now! (7)
23 Ring again! (6)
25 A book by Lord Dunsany would naturally have more than one on the title page. (5)
27 I leave 1A with nothing on his head. (4)
28 You'd expect to find birds in her nest. (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Jerome Kern
6, 22 Timepieces
10 Zebra
11, 31 Tom-tom
12 Tosti
13 Bar
14 Ute
15 Nuances
16 Neater
17 Zionist
20 Timpani
23 Plucky
27 Alameda
28 Eye
29 Nap
30 Score
31 See 11
32 Shako
33 Play
34 My Fair Lady

DOWN

1 Jazz band
2 Roberta
3 Measure
4 Kitten
5 Romantic
7 Insects
8 Emits
9 Strain
18 Infantry
19 Symphony
21 Isadora
22 See 6
24 Loesser
25 Cantata
26 Hermia
27 Aesop

(401)

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Letters

Unfunny Sex

. . . SATURDAY NIGHT could do much to uplift instead of degrade but not so long as you publish articles such as that written by Mary Lowrey Ross recently.

She begins: "Sex is fundamentally funny" and while she is quoting someone else she seems to agree. She adds later, "Sex is not only funny, but fun." Why is it that so many intellectual persons fail to see the connection between such an attitude to sex and the vicious crimes one reads of? . . .

Sex was never intended by the Creator to be either fun or funny. If it were merely entertainment there would be no need of the marriage institution, and life would become chaotic . . .

TORONTO HERBERT WOOD

Apartheid

. . . IS SATURDAY NIGHT, as an influential Canadian publication, entitled to attack South Africa's purely domestic policies?

Here our own native population (colored also) after nearly 4 centuries under white rule, is still found in open prison camps, we choose to call reservations.

Unlike the South African, the Canadian Natives are denied the right to run their own affairs. This Canadian "Apartheid" seems to have worked out to the mutual advantages of the rulers and the ruled.

The Premier of South Africa should be commended not condemned for trying to attain lasting peace and order in his mixed racial household . . .

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK. A. J. HANSEN

Editor's note: The answer to the question is, of course, an unqualified "yes". The Union Government's "purely domestic policies" are an explosive factor in international affairs, and therefore of concern to every Canadian. Canada's treatment of Indians does not justify South Africa's Apartheid.

President's Health

. . . Mr. Freedman states, "Never has any president with Mr. Eisenhower's precarious health sought re-election". How quickly can we forget? Franklin D. Roosevelt was unable to stand alone and during his last campaign his general condition was so poor that not only any good physician but any close observer could see that he was failing and had failed rapidly in health. However, his conceit sustained him to the last. It is true that Mr. Eisenhower has had a coronary thrombosis, a lesion which has occurred in many men who have gone on to live a normal span of years.

CINCINNATI HANNAH S. GOODYEAR

Snoopers and Citizens

If 26.1 per cent of Torontonians, as you imply, consider questions on a special statistical survey "none of the Bureau's damned business", their attitude is not only unfriendly and un-cooperative, but downright un-Canadian . . . I prefer to believe the good citizens of Toronto are being misinterpreted . . .

As you should know, the employees of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics are not a collection of unprincipled "snoopers", but a body of Civil Servants performing a very necessary public service, and depending on Canadian citizens for the quality of their product. . .

KIRKS FERRY, QUE. LORNA JONES

Footnote

All that is left for us to say to F. R. Scott is:

. . . a-DEW, sweet prince,
May flights of angels wing thee to thy rest.

WESTMOUNT, QUE. MARGUERITE BIELER

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ANSWER TO PUZZLER
No. 37

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